The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE SEA.

From the Comic Offering for 1833.

Let poets praise the beauty of the sea
When *night* puts on her blackest suit of *mourning,*
But day on land has brighter charms for me,
When the sun's *dawn* the landscape is *adorning.*

When the ship's side the swelling water laves,
'Tis true a radiance round the stern it whirls,
But what's the grace of Neptune's *curling waves,*
Compared with that of beauty's *waving curls?*

I find no pleasure in the ocean's roar,
When on the beach or cliff I sit or stand;
There is to me, when walking on *the shore,*
Less pleasure than in walking down *the Strand!*

The barren sea! alas! I nothing know,
Which in its praise I can with candor speak,
In it an onion even will not grow,
Though vessels on it often *spring a leak!*

"A sailor (Dibdin says) each inch should feel
Part of his ship;" to this I can accord,
And since they are on the ocean a great *deal,*
Infer from this they like to be *a-board.*

But ask *me* not to take a little trip,
For one excursion was enough for me,
I went intending but to *see a ship,*
When the vile boat which bore me *shipp'd a sea!*

To winds and waters both I bid farewell;
Adieu to father Neptune's *swelling* face,
For I can see at any time a *swell*
Of the *first water* in a safer place.

Deem me not too presumptuous, that I dare
Of ocean's charms to give a slight dissection,
For *water* was, by nature, I declare,
Meant for a thing on which to make reflection!

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

George I.—He was remarkably partial to Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII. which had something in it that seemed to hit the taste of that monarch. One night, being very attentive to the scene where Henry commands his minister, Wolsey, to write circular letters of indemnity to every county where the payment of certain heavy taxes had been disputed, and remarking the manner in which the minister artfully communicated these commands to his secretary, Cromwell, whispering thus:

"A word with you:
Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the King's grace and pardon: the griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me—Let it be nois'd
That through *our intercession* this revokement
And pardon comes."——

The king could not help smiling at the craft of the minister, in filching from his master the merit of the action, though he himself had been the author of the evil complained of; and, turning to the Prince of Wales, said, "You see, George, what you have one day to expect: a minister will be a minister in every age and in every reign."

Indian Elephants.—In general they took the water well, though one or two could not be persuaded to go in of their own accord; two or three of the strongest of their own species were, therefore, sent to compel them. These, after having given the refractory gentlemen a sound drubbing with sticks, which they held in their trunks, fairly pushed them into the water, and did not quit them until they were landed on the opposite bank. It was a curious sight to witness, and perhaps the strongest instance of the power of man over the brute creation that can well be imagined.—*Twelve Years' Military Advent.*

Newspapers.—The invention of newspapers is attributed in the learned treatise of Constantine Wolff to the Greek patriarch Photius; but there is a wide difference between his anecdote work (compiled from the collections of others, as well as from the experience of his oriental travels,) and the modern journal, which was invented by Sallo, a Councillor of the Parliament of Paris, who published on the 5th of Jan. 1665, under the assumed name of Hedauville, the first number of the Journal des Savans—the origin of all daily newspapers. In 1631, however, a physician named Renaudot, had put forth a periodical called the Gazette de France, which appeared every five days. Daily newspapers were not established in England till some years afterwards.

Manners.—I never judge from *manners,* for I once had my pocket picked by the *civilest* gentleman I ever met; and one of the *mildest* persons I ever saw, was Ali Pacha."—*Lord Byron.*

LOVE.

What is Love?—a fire,
Fed with idle breath,
'Tis a dream,—'tis a desire,
Dying—ere death.

Where is Love?—Alas!
In the dust it lies,
Severed green like summer grass,
And so—it dies.

Friendship's Offering, 1833.

Language as a Record.—A language is at once the most complete, and the least fallible of all historical records. A poem or a history may have been forgot, but not a language. The bare circumstances of its existence, though it may long have ceased to be colloquially extant, proves in substance all that history can communicate. If we possessed only a complete vocabulary of an ancient language, and were to digest the mass in accordance with an exact principle of synthesis, we should frame a model of the people who once used it, more perfect than any monument can furnish; and here we need fear no falsifications, no concealments, no flatteries, no exaggerations. The precise extent of knowledge and civilization to which a people have attained, nothing more, and nothing less, is marked out in the list of words of which they have made use.—*Taylor's Transmission of Ancient Books.*

Eastern Fatalism.—Hope is the bounty of God, and a perfect resignation to his divine will, are deeply implanted in the Arab's breast; but this resignation does not paralyse his exertions so much as it does those of the Turks. I have heard Arabs reproach Turks for their apathy and stupidity, in ascribing to the will of God what was merely the result of their own faults or folly, quoting a proverb which says,—"He bared his back to the stings of mosquitos, and then exclaimed, God has decreed that I should be stung."—*Burckhardt.*

THE MOTHER.

Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows:
How soon, by his, the glad discovery shews,
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy!
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks—he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise,
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

Cotton.—The cotton known by the name of Smyrna wool, once almost the only article of the kind imported into England, is now used but in small quantity, and chiefly for making candle-wicks, for which it is best suited, being inflammable in a higher degree than any other kind of cotton. The Egyptian cotton, first brought into this country in 1823, is of a very superior quality, and ranks next the Sea Island in price and estimation. East India Cotton is inferior to West India; there is a late improvement, however, in some from Madras. The West India importation has decreased much; and since 1790, the American supply, on the contrary, greatly increased. In 1500 cotton was first introduced into England, just a century before the charter of the East India Company. In 1725 linens, lawns, and cambrics were first manufactured in Glasgow; in 1818, 105,000,000 of yards of cotton cloth, estimated at £5,000,000 sterling, were made there. The value of cotton goods now manufactured in Great Britain is estimated at £40,000,000, of which £20,000,000 worth is exported.—*Theory and Practice of Cotton Spinning.*

THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep:—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

J. G. Brainard.

Cathedral of Seville.—There is not a more beautiful and solemn temple in the world, than the great Cathedral of Seville. When you enter from the glare of a Spanish sky, so deep is the staining of the glass, and so small and few the windows, that for a moment you feel in darkness. Gradually, the vast design of the Gothic artist unfolds itself to your vision: gradually rises up before you the profuse sumptuousness of the high altar; with its tall images, and velvet and gold hangings, its gigantic railings of brass, and massy candlesticks of silver,—all revealed by the dim and perpetual light of the sacred and costly lamps.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Antiquity of Wine.—The principle of fermentation is present in the grape; the juice, if kept a few hours, will spontaneously ferment; and the singular appearance of the effervescence, resembling boiling in the cold, would be a sufficient stimulus to curiosity to ensure a completion of the process. Meanwhile, the taste would become vinous, and the effects, when swallowed, would be so singular and so enlivening, that frequent recourse would be had to a process which afforded a liquor of such powerful and pleasing influence over the mind. It is, therefore, very probable that wine was discovered nearly six thousand years since, very shortly after the creation of the world.—*Donovan's Domestic Economy.*

Sheridan.—In 1815, I had occasion to visit my lawyer in Chancery Lane; he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, &c. Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help inquiring that of Sheridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine-merchant, my client.'—'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to do?'—'Nothing at all for the present,' said he; 'would you have us proceed against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' and here he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of conversation.

Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statue or record; and yet Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man, with all the laws, and some justice, on his side) out of the window, had he come in at the moment.—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

The Waltz.—This dance was known as early as in the middle of the last century, in the villages of the north of Germany, and especially in vogue at wedding feasts, which last there often from Friday morning till Sunday evening, if the parties are in easy circumstances. It is there called "een dulle, de dulle, den Dullen, eenen Dullen dansen." Towards the end of the last century, Mr. Blessman, late teacher to the art of dancing to the University of Gottingen, took it into his head to modify and embellish this dance, and to introduce it into the higher assemblies.—Through the students of that University, who are from all parts of Germany, Switzerland, and the Continent generally, it became soon universally known, and several varieties were introduced in different countries. The waltzes which we term *La Russe* and *La Sauteuse* are derived from it. It is composed of two steps, each of which contains three *tems* or beats, making six for both and for the entire figure of the waltz. The name under which this dance goes now is of German origin, *der walzer,* meaning in German "roller," and the verb *walzen,* to roll, to revolve.—*Anglo-Germanic Advert.*

Paradoxical Characters.—Somebody once remarked, that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

Vicious Horses.—The Eastern horse jockies drug an unruly animal with opium, which has the effect of subduing the animal's vice, till the bargain has been completed and the seller out of reach; this is also practiced in England.—*Eng. pap.*

Echo.—An echo of a very peculiar character has been described by Sir John Herschel, as produced by the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait, in Wales. The sound of a blow of a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the road-way, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet, and in addition to this the sound is many times repeated between the water and the road-way, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

Income of the Duke of Gloucester.—This person's receipts from the people of England are not of trifling amount. It appears from a parliamentary paper, No. 186, Sess. 1831, that he has L.14,000 per annum by 16 and 47 Geo. III., and that his wife has L.9,000 by 52 Geo. III., and L.4000 by 50 Geo. III., and 1 George IV. Another parliamentary paper, No. 284, Sess. 1831, gives him L.1000 per annum out of the 4½ per cent. Leeward Island duties. He is also colonel of the Guards, &c. In all, he receives from the produce of the people's industry, *thirty-thousand five hundred pounds annually!*—*Lond. pap.*

Public Worship in London.—The *Tourist* gives the following statement of the various places of worship in the English metropolis:—Episcopalian Churches and Chapels, 200; Independent Chapels, 66; Wesleyan Methodist Chapels, 36; Baptist Chapels, 32; Calvinistic Methodist Chapels, 30; Presbyterian (Scotch and Unitarian) Chapels, 16; Roman Catholic Chapels, 14; Meeting houses of the Friends, 6.—Total, 400.

Mountains of Scotland.—Ben Nevis has, till very lately, been considered the monarch of Scottish mountains, but it now appears, from the trigonometrical survey lately made by order of Government, that he must yield the palm to Ben Macdui, a mountain in Aberdeenshire, who o'ertops him by about twenty feet. The height of Ben Nevis is 4,370 feet; of Ben Macdui, 4,390 feet. Thus Ben Macdui is the loftiest mountain not only in Scotland, but in Great Britain.

Military distinction.—Gen. Torres, who was in command of the constitutional forces in the last attack of the Miguelists has been rewarded by Don Pedro for his services on the occasion.

"His Imperial Majesty, who was posted with the Staff on a point convenient for observation, witnessed the heroic deeds which were performed. He ordered one of his aids-de-camp to congratulate, in his name, Gen. Torres and his illustrious garrison on the valor they had displayed, and to make known to the brave governor that he had been graciously pleased to nominate him an officer of the Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Tower and the Sword of Valour, Loyalty and Merit."

MISCELLANY.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A pathetic little story, in verse,

"A simple tale of household grief
And household gladness too,"

is told in the Juvenile Souvenir, by Mary Howitt. We make some extracts:

"My father in the battle died,
And left young children three;
My brother Marc, a noble boy,
With spirit bold and free,
More kind than common brothers are,
And [illegible] me.

When Marc had [illegible]
A tall youth [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] I see—
I've [illegible] for so long!"

* * *

[illegible] within the house
A [illegible] light was [illegible];
There was [illegible] within our hearts
[illegible]
He said farewell that morn of June,
And from our sight was gone.

Ere long, most [illegible] tidings came,
Sad tidings of dismay—
They [illegible] the [illegible],
And [illegible] day;
We thought, [illegible] Marc would [illegible]
[illegible] for away.

Weeks passed, and months, [illegible]
Came from him, [illegible]
[illegible] almost [illegible]
Which [illegible]
My mother [illegible]
[illegible]

'At length,' said she, 'I'll see [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible].'"

She visited the town, and sought in vain for her son, of whom she could gain no intelligence:—

"And [illegible] hearted she came [illegible],
A [illegible] road.

I [illegible] her cheek yet paler grow,
[illegible] her eye;
And to my [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] was my earnest [illegible]
Put up for her on high.

Oh, what a [illegible] seem'd then to [illegible]
The friendless orphans' fate!
I dared not picture to my mind
How drear, how desolate—
And, like a frightened thing, my [illegible]
Shrank from a pang so great!

* * * * * *

At length, O joy beyond all joys!
When we [illegible] him dead,
One calm and sunny afternoon,
As she lay on her bed,
In quiet sleep, methought below
I heard my brother's tread.

I rose, and on the ascending [illegible]
I saw himself—no other,
More beautiful than [illegible],
My tall and manly brother!
I should have swooned, but for the thought
Of my poor sleeping mother.

I cannot tell you how we met;
I could not speak for weeping;
Nor had I words enough for joy,
My heart within seem'd leaping:
I should have screamed, but for the thought
Of her who there lay sleeping.

That Marc returned in joy to us,
My mother dreamed e'en then,
And that prepared her for the bliss
Of meeting him again:
To tell how great that bliss, would need
The tongue of wisest men!

His lightest tone, his very step,
More power had they to win
My drooping mother back to life,
Than every medicine;
She rose again like one arisen
From the grave where he had been.

The story that my brother told
Was long and full of joy;
Scarce to the city had he come,
A poor and friendless boy,
Than he met, by chance, a merchant good,
From whom he asked employ.

The merchant was a childless man;
And in my brother's face
Something he saw that moved his heart
To such unusual grace:
'My son,' said he, 'is dead; wilt thou
Supply to me his place?'

Even then, bound to the golden East,
His ship before them lay;
And this new [illegible] of love was formed
There, standing on the quay:
My brother went on board with him,
And sailed that very day!

The letter that he wrote to us
Did never reach our hand;
And while we drooped with anxious love,
He gain'd the Indian strand,
And saw [illegible] wondrous things
In that [illegible] land.

And many [illegible] curious things,
Bright [illegible] pearly shell,
He brought as if to realize
The tale he had to tell.
My mother [illegible], and wept, and smiled
And [illegible]—and grew well!

The merchant loved him more and more,
And did a father's part,
And blessed my brother for the love
That healed his wounded heart;
He was a friend that Heaven had sent
Kind mercy to impart.

So do not droop, my gentle friend,
Whom grief has burdened sore;
Look up to God, for he hath love
And comfort in great store,
And moveth oft-times human hearts
To bless us over and o'er."

THE FIELD OF MARENGO.

A concluding scene from the narrative that has enriched several antecedent numbers of the Atlas, will be found alike spirit-stirring in its details and unlooked for in its developements.

"This triumph decided the Austrian plan of operations. To fall upon the rash invader, to concentrate the whole Austrian force scattered between Piedmont and the Adige, to crush the enemy, and rescue the Milanese, were the romantic thoughts that entered the ancient brains of the Austrian general-in-chief. An aide-de-camp sent express after the Hungarians stripped the Viceroy of his escort, and to the great joy of the corps, who were indignant at being turned into a baggage-guard, ordered them to join the main army in front of Alessandria.

'You shall now see,' said the Colonel, as he rode by Carara, 'what you will think possible in no other service since the flood. You will see, in the first place, a fine army commanded by an old fool of eighty, who is much fitter for his bed than a field of battle; in the next, you will see that old fool controlled by a Council still more foolish than himself; and in the third, you will see a Cabinet more foolish than either, first blundering into war, then blundering out of it; beaten into a peace that no defeat could justify, and of course, having the very war for which it has disabled itself. And all this in the presence of a young general, in whom genius supplies the place of experience, in a contest with a young government, in which ferocity is the pledge of success, and in defiance of a nation of thirty millions of madmen, mad with the determination to kill or be killed, to conquer or be conquered, to hold the sword to the throat of every kingdom of Europe, or plunge it in their own.'

The sight of the Austrian lines was superb, and Carara, with the instinct of the warrior, or the warrior's horse, often the wiser animal of the two, felt his blood glow at the sound of the trumpets, the flashing of steel, and the general brilliant display of the field. The sun at last rose on the memorable plain of Marengo. The details of this great battle are for history. The Hungarian Guards were drawn up with the division that moved under the gallant Gloritz, round Ceriolo, to outflank the enemy's right. The march continued two full hours, while the infantry on both sides were engaged, with dreadful havoc. But the firing evidently advanced; the heights on the route of the cavalry showed the enemy retreating along the whole extent of their line; and the heavy columns of the Austrians came on, trampling down all obstacles. At length the leading squadrons of the Guard, turning the village of Ceriolo, came within view of the battle. It was all confusion; the enemy were maintaining a desultory fire from the cottages and garden walls of Marengo. The Austrians were still pressing on, when a column of the enemy's horse charged down upon the advancing infantry. The cavalry were already within a hundred yards of the line, which they must have trampled like dust, when Gloritz gave the word to fall on.

'Forward, gentlemen of Hungary, charge!' was the simple exclamation of their Colonel. All the oratory of man could not have been more effectual. At the word, they gave the spur, and dashed on. They fell on the opposing cavalry like a thunderbolt, the weight of their powerful horses overturned the enemy's feeble chargers, and the sword in the hands of the athletic and highly disciplined riders, soon stripped every saddle. The sudden uncovering of the French flank now gave another opportunity for the services of this fine corps. The division of Lannes, the conqueror of Montebello, opened a fire from all its guns, followed by a hail of musketry. The Colonel was in the act of giving the word to charge the enemy, who were retreating by echellons, and whom it was of the highest importance to crush before they could take shelter under the guns of the village. But as he raised his sabre, a shot from a tirailleur struck his arm, and he fell on the neck of his horse. The bone was broken. 'My campaigning is over for the day,' said he feebly to Carara. 'Give the word for me—charge.' The Italian gave it with a spirit-stirring energy, that was answered by a shout from the whole column. They rushed forward. The shock was again irresistible, the leading regiments of the enemy's division were broken into a thousand fragments, and Carara led his squadron up to the muzzles of the French batteries. The battle had now continued to rage until the sun was declining over the plain. The charge of the cavalry had cleared the field of the French right, and Carara galloped back to find the spot where he had left his friend. A field-waggon was found, in which he was placed and carried to the camp. But as the Count shook his hand at parting, a new roar of artillery opened from the French position, fresh columns, which seemed to have been summoned by magic, poured out from the vineyards in the rear; a charge of cavalry again endangered the Austrian advance and the battle was evidently to be fought over again. 'Another charge, and we cut up the leading brigade,' exclaimed Carara, to the officer who now rode up from the general's staff to take the command of the corps. 'I must wait for orders,' said the officer, who was an aide-de-camp of Melas, and inspired with the lethargy of his chief. In another moment it was too late. The whole body of the French horse, thus unchecked, had fallen upon the Austrian line before it had time to throw itself into squares. The battalions, exhausted by long fighting, were broken by the impulse; they gave way, and the entire French line advancing, with drums beating, pushed their late conquerors across the plain. 'Let us try but one charge more,' expostulated Carara with his new leader. 'We may check the enemy, and at least cover the troops; they may rally yet.' He fixed his impatient eyes on the immoveable aide-de-camp. 'Bring me the orders, sir,' was the solemn answer. 'From whom?' burst out Carara—'from whom? from the enemy, or the devil?' exclaimed the gallant mutineer.

'From both, if you please,' was the saturnine reply; 'in the mean time, I order you under arrest.'

Carara's indignation mastered him; he saw all going to ruin. A mighty battle lost, perhaps an empire broken down, by the formal stupidity of a slave of office. He turned round to the regiment, exclaiming, 'Gentlemen, since the General sends us nothing but poltroons, let every brave man follow me.' The regiment answered their favourite officer with an animating shout, and again rushed forward. Nothing could withstand this desperate charge. The leading brigade was cut through in all directions, and the column totally paralyzed. In the universal rout, Carara galloped into the spot where the eagle-bearer was retreating, protected by a confused crowd of lancers and infantry. The Count was for the moment alone; he gave his charger the spur, and, with a bound, was in the centre of the throng. The conflict was keen, but short. A sabre blow on the arm that held the standard, sheared off arm and standard together. Another cut his way through the confused mass of pikes and bayonets that pushed at him in all quarters, and with a lance-wound in his side, and a bullet in his shoulder, both equally unfelt for the time, he darted, eagle in hand, out of the melee, and rejoined his regiment, who received him with shouts of admiration.

But all was too late. From the eminence which the cavalry had reached in this victorious charge, the whole Austrian infantry was seen in full retreat. The French masses were again covering the plain, and the long lines of smoke continually advancing towards the camp of Melas, shewed both that the enemy was in overwhelming force, and that the General had given up the day.

Night was falling, but the cannon still roared far to the west, and the flashing of the infantry fire became visible as the dust thickened. It was evident that the field was lost, and the Hungarian Guard, now left almost alone, looked round for the tardy commandant, who was so fond of waiting for orders. He was nowhere to be found. His orders had not called him to join in beating the French brigade, and he had left the regiment to transact that matter for themselves, and galloped back to the camp. The only thing now to be done was to reach the camp, and endeavour to cover the retreat. As they moved off Carara's horse startled at something under his feet; it was a headless body in the uniform of the Austrian staff. The tardy aide-de-camp had better have taken his chance even in the charge. A twelve-pound shot from one of the French heavy guns had rolled across his gallop, and carried his head to the foot of the next tree, where the head and the ball now lay quietly together.

As the regiment advanced, the signs of defeat grew more frequent and fatal. Horse, foot, and artillery, crossed each other's way. Baggage-waggons were overthrown, troops plundering, guns lying on the ground with their traces cut, and their horses floundering to get loose, or running wild about the field. The wounded were lying by hundreds, scattered over the ground, crying vainly to be carried off. Generals, that seemed to have lost their senses; Staff as senseless as their Generals; Colonels looking for their regiments, and regiments shouting out for their Colonels, were hurrying in all directions,—fury, folly, execration, frenzy, misery—all were let loose; and, in the mean time, the whole mass of 50,000 men were insensibly pushed to the edge of the Bormida. The confusion thickened. There had been no lines of retreat originally pointed out in the General's plan, for he had looked on the victory as certain. The Bormida was a deep and rapid stream, impassable on foot or horseback, and with but one crazy bridge, that would have broken down with the first baggage-waggon. The army was inevitably ruined. The report was, that the General-in-chief was either drunk, or asleep, or dead. General Zach, the second in command, had been seen to fall into the hands of the French dragoons. Elsnitz, the most gallant officer of the army, and whose conduct of the cavalry had entitled him to the highest praise, had lost an arm by a cannon-shot, and been carried off the field two hours before. All was confusion beyond remedy.

But even in the routed army there were brave spirits still, and a few regiments of hussars, encouraged by the gallant discipline of the Hungarians, still covered the confusion from the immediate sight of the enemy.

It was now dark, and the retreat was still pushed by the French evidently with the design of throwing the whole Austrian army into the Bormida. By the flash of one of the batteries, which had just commenced its fire on the retreating cavalry, Carara saw the countenance of a man struggling his way towards him through the crowd. With a mixture of grief and gladness he recognized his friend, the Colonel, who on hearing the tumult approach the camp, had torn himself out of the surgeon's hands, mounted, and come to share the fate of his regiment. There was no time for further explanation; for a rush of the whole French cavalry upon the broken battalions drove them like one vast surge to the brink, and another rush drove them in. Carara felt himself helplessly whirled along in this living earthquake, and the Colonel had only a moment to grasp his friend's bridle, and lead him along with him, when they were both plunged in the centre of the Bormida.

The torrent was covered with men, screaming, plunging, struggling for life, stabbing each other and drowning. By what fortune Carara escaped from this scene of horror, he could not tell. But he at last found himself sitting steedless, on the opposite shore with the Colonel by his side. 'You have saved my life, Colonel,' said he, 'but to what purpose? It was my wish to have died in that field, or in that stream, but your friendship was too active.'—'I feel that I am dying, Count Carara,' said the Colonel, 'it was I who disentangled you from your charger and drew you upon the bank. No acknowledgments,' said he, with a melancholy wave of his hand, 'I am more than rewarded. If I have a consolation at this hour, it is that I can disburden my mind of the load of wretchedness that has bowed me for years. Look upon me, Count! Have you no recollection of these features in earlier life?' Carara looked in vain. 'Have you no remembrance then of the name of Count Al[illegible] Ferrari?' His hearer started. He had known him for one of the most distinguished of his rivals, and one with whom he had even disputed the Lady [illegible]'s hand at the point of the sword. 'You knew so much then,' said the Colonel, with a faint smile, 'but you do not know all. I am no Hungarian. I loved the incomparable woman who is now your wife. You risked your life for her, and you deserved her; but the curse of Italy was upon me, and I swore revenge. I could not in honour call to the field again a man who had given me my life. But my devilish revenge must be fed. Do you remember the night when you were attacked coming from the fete in Pavia? The dagger that broke in your side? That dagger was mine.' Carara half sprang from the ground, but the deep dejection of the countenance that now looked on him disarmed all resentment.

'You may well scorn the baseness of the act,' said the dying man; 'but no scorn of yours could equal my own. The moment I gave the blow, I would have given worlds to retract it. I was frantic when I struck it. I was still more frantic when I saw you fall. I cursed myself in my agony. I would have plunged the weapon into my own heart, but then I thought that I had left it in yours. I was overwhelmed with so bitter a sense of the baseness of my crime that I must have proclaimed my infamy to justice, but for the loss of my senses. I became a lunatic. My family, for the double purpose of my recovery and absence from scenes where every hour threatened insanity again, sent me into Hungary, where a noble branch of our house had been long settled. I entered the imperial service, and in that service I was unhappily compelled, in the course of a diplomatic mission, to visit Italy once more. My revenge flamed again. It was a canker in my heart; a devil that possessed me night and day. I determined on your destruction. To prevent any compunctious change of mind, I made a vow at the altar, strange mockery! to accomplish your destruction. But not by the pistol or the dagger. Not by my own hand. I had too fierce a consciousness of the agony of my first attempt, the scorpion-sting of self-reproach was too venomous still for me to hazard a new torture. I salved my conscience by determining to make you the instrument of your own ruin. You remember our studies in chemistry?'

Carara assented. He 'even remembered them with extraordinary admiration for the various talents of his teacher.'

'The time for compliment is past,' said his friend. 'I found you a quick scholar; but all my science was for the purpose of tempting you into studies that must bring you under the eye of our jealous government. I succeeded. But the government foiled me, and found that a temporary surveillance would be your highest infliction. I desired more. I prompted you to seek the Emperor at a season, and by a route, which, to your habits, rendered death almost inevitable. Careless of my own life, if I could extinguish yours, I led you into the very regions of the avalanches. We both escaped by miracle; and I found that my work was to be begun once more. I set to it subtilely. I involved you in the obligations of a service, which abounded in all the chances of ruin to a man of spirit and fashion, of susceptibility and genius. The hazard table or the sword, the dissipations of a prodigal regiment, and the vices of a profligate city, the dagger of the bravo, or the risks of the field, all lay in wait for the man, whom I honoured, esteemed, and even loved, but whose death I had sworn by all the solemn vows that could pledge the resolution of a human being.'

His voice sank at the words; a tear broke down his cheek, and he fell into Carara's arms. 'I have but few words more to say,' said he, recovering, 'and I feel it something like a sign of Heaven's mercy, that I am permitted thus to atone by my shame for my crime. Angry at your continued escape, yet delighted at your continued advance in honour; outrageous with myself for my designs against your life, but still desperately bound by my vow; I entered the field this day with the determination that neither of us should survive. But it was to be otherwise. The sabre was already raised in my hand to strike the blow, when the Frenchman's bullet struck me. Thank Heaven for my fall.' Carara's countenance shewed the astonished feeling with which he listened to this recital on the part of his fellow soldier. 'I cannot die with out your forgiveness, Count,' said the Colonel, weakly, endeavouring to clasp his hand, 'I know and abhor the whole treachery of the deed. But I was born an Italian—I was reared, as we all are, in the midst of treachery. Revenge was inculcated into my frame from my first hour, as it is into us all. The night which we passed together in your palace, desolated as it was, in the presence of your admirable wife, who did not know the changed features of the man whom she had scorned; even that night was a new fount of fire in my soul—it roused the undying worm again in me—it shed deadly poison in every vein; but all is at an end. And now let me do one last act of justice to myself. While I lay in the agony of a wound this day, which I knew to be mortal, I heard that all was lost. My revenge was gone. A brighter spirit had dawned upon my mind, even on that bed. I rose, against all remonstrance, with a determination to expend the last wreck of a worthless and unhappy life in rescuing yours. I forced my feeble way through the route with that sole purpose. I found you in a spot which must have been your grave. At the moment when the French battery were preparing to throw in a fire which must have torn every man within range to pieces, I turned your horse's head into the stream. There was but the choice of hazards, and, thank Heaven, I chose fortunately for my gallant and generous friend.' His voice faded away into a whisper as he spoke; he attempted a few inarticulate words more, and lay clasping Carara's hand. The roar of the French guns, as they drove the last remnant of the unfortunate army over the bridge of the Bormida, were the requiem to the warrior. Carara caught his last breath, and bore him in his arms to the little church, which stood like an asylum of peace in the midst of the turbulence and horrors of war. The solitary priest who remained, laid him in an honourable grave.

The French victory instantly changed the face of affairs in the north of Italy. Bonaparte, eager to conciliate all parties, and fond of popularity among his countrymen, commanded that all the injuries done by the preceding government should cease, all the losses be compensated, and all the exiles restored. Padua came under the general change, and the Count Carara saw himself once more a proud husband, a happy father, and the lord of an inheritance worthy of trials and his name."

From the Atlas

REMARKABLE DETECTION OF A MURDERER.

[Extract from a letter to the Editors of the Atlas, dated Niagara, U. C. Dec. 19th, 1832.]

Last Saturday week, a man and his wife came to this town, and as their appearance did not indicate much money in possession, were recommended for the night to put up at a tavern kept by —— ——, to which they went. On entering the house and looking at the landlord, the woman told her husband she would not stop in that house for any consideration.

It appears, some ten or twelve years ago, —— ——, the landlord, married, and previous to his coming to America, lived in the City of Waterford in Ireland, and followed his trade as a shoemaker. His wife was, it appears, of a better class, and whose parents, although at first opposed to the match, afterwards were reconciled to it. They had one child, but how they lived together I do not know; but he sometime after the birth of the child, first tore the eyes out from [and otherwise barbarously mutilated—the specifications are too revolting.] his unfortunate wife with his nippers; then with his shoe hammer beat in her skull, and finding that he had not succeeded in killing her, [he finished the tragedy with his knife] and went out. He shortly after returned to the house, and took the child, I think, down the cellar, and murdered it, and during a day or two after was concealed in a friend's house, from which he went into the country and remained four months or a little more, and succeeded in getting to America. During the time he has lived here, nothing particular has been noticed in his conduct but his downcast looks. About two years ago he married, and now it comes out *he never has a night's rest.*

The woman who went to lodge at his house, the moment she looked at him, knew him; for she it was who prepared the murdered bodies of the wife and child for their resting place. Two days afterwards they went before a magistrate and narrated these facts; but he had fled, and two miles above Youngstown he was apprehended by Captain Ives, and now lies in our jail to await the return of spring to be sent to Ireland. He is indeed a wretched sight, pale, emaciated, and haggard; he looks frightful; he is a large man, nearly six feet, if not fully that height, stout, square in the chest, and altogether a powerful man. Last night he alarmed the inmates of the jail by his cries of "take her off," "take her off;" and one of the prisoners was obliged to go into his cell and grasp him to his breast before he could be quieted. More I would write, but my paper is limited; but enough is detailed to show that truly "there is a God who ruleth in the earth."

FEMALE BEAUTY.

"A young woman of good figure and unpretending features, moves through society without attracting general notice. But she will be very likely, if to the ordinary qualifications she add that of good sense, to meet with one, at least, who will at once recognize in her the virtues which he would wish to find in his wife, and, when fairly sought, she has no difficulty in judging between rivals—she gives herself up to one undisturbed feeling of devotion in favour of him who has thus chosen her from the mass. But the young woman whose beauty is conspicuous, who hears it every where said, that she was the *belle* of the party, whose hand is engaged for every quadrille and every waltz of the whole evening, soon loses all power of giving a preference in her heart to any one of her partners. She insensibly becomes a coquette, an odious designation, which the less favoured of the sex are but too happy to have the opportunity of adding to her name whenever it is mentioned. As such she is then treated by the men, amongst whom she will find numbers who will feel a pleasure in trifling with her feelings; and she sees ball after ball, and season after season, pass away, without any connexion offering itself which she deems worthy of her pretensions. At length she discovers the folly of her course, and repents of it, and accepts the first offer that is made; probably—and in very many cases it certainly has been so—an offer from some person very much beneath her own station and hopes, and scarcely presentable in society. But, even when she is more fortunate, when a woman of brilliant beauty, who has long been the subject of admiration on account of her beauty, has married the man of her choice, and every way worthy of her preference, she has still much to unlearn, and a great deal to alter, before she can subside into a happy domestic wife. She will be surprised to find, that when once married, her hand is no longer courted in the ball-room. Her former admirers look upon her with perfect indifference, if not with chagrin, and whenever she revisits the former theatre of her success, she seems *de trop*—her presence could be easily dispensed with by every body. In such circumstances a woman, governed by feelings of pride, would become discontented, morose, envious, and miserable. But if she have a spark of good sense, she will no longer think of shining any where but at home. That now ought to be the only scene of her triumphs; there alone she ought, and there alone she can, in fact, expect to be successful. Instead of attempting to lay aside her charms, as matters now no longer of use to her, she should rather endeavor to improve them, and she will find that they will be more useful to her than ever. But while she is careful of her person, she should be equally attentive to her mind, and apply her attention principally to the duty of rendering her home the abode of peace and cheerfulness. These two qualities would render a cabin in Lapland a Paradise itself, while the want of these would turn a Roman palace into a den of misery!"

INLAND TRANSPORT.

RAILWAYS AND LOCOMOTIVES.

An article of much length is devoted to this subject, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, and furnishes a large supply of curious and instructive information. We transfer to the Atlas, to-day, its general introductory observations; and, as opportunity offers, propose to derive from it other interesting facts.

"Capital and skill have of late years been directed with extraordinary energy to the improvement of inland transport, and this important instrument of national wealth and civilization has received a proportionate impulse. Effects are now witnessed, which, had they been narrated a few years since, could only have been admitted into the pages of fiction, or volumes of romance. Who could have credited the possibility of a ponderous engine of iron, loaded with several hundred passengers in a train of carriages of corresponding magnitude, and a large quantity of water and coal, taking flight from Manchester, and arriving at Liverpool, a distance of above thirty miles, in little more than an hour? And yet this is a matter of daily, almost hourly occurrence. Neither is the road on which this wondrous performance is affected, the most favourable which could be constructed for such machines. It is subject to undulation and incurvations, which reduce the average rate of speed much more than similar inequalities in common roads. The speed of transport thus attained, is not less wonderful than the weights which this power is capable of transporting. Its capablities in this respect far transcend the exigencies even of the two greatest commercial marts in Great Britain. Loads varying from 50 to 70 tons are transported at the average rate of 15 miles an hour; but the engines would appear to be in this case loaded below their power; and in a recent instance, we have seen a load—we should rather say a *cargo*—of waggons conveying merchandise to the amount of 230 tons gross, transported from Liverpool to Manchester, at the average rate of twelve miles an hour.

The astonishment with which such performances must be viewed might be somewhat qualified if the art of transport by railways had been matured, and had attained that full state of perfection which such an art is always capable of receiving from long experience, aided by great scientific knowledge, and the unbounded application of capital. But such is not the present case. The art of constructing locomotive engines, so far from having attained a state of maturity, has not even emerged from its infancy. So complete was the ignorance of its powers which prevailed even among engineers, previous to the opening of the Liverpool Railway, that the transport of heavy goods was regarded as the chief object of the undertaking, and its principle revenue. The incredible speed of transport effected even in the very first experiments in 1830, burst upon the public, and on the scientific world, with all the effect of a new and unlooked for phenomenon. On the unfortunate occasion which deprived this country of Mr. Huskisson, the wounded body of that statesman was transported a distance of 15 miles in 25 minutes, being at the rate of 36 miles an hour. The revenue of the road arising from passengers since its opening, has, contrary to all that was foreseen, been nearly double that which has been derived from merchandise. So great was the want of experience in the construction of engines, that the company was at first ignorant, whether they should adopt large steam-engines, fixed at different stations on the line, to pull the carriages from station to station, or travelling engines to pull the load the entire distance. Having decided on the latter, they have, even to the present moment, laboured under the disadvantage of the want of that knowledge which experience alone can give. The engines have been constantly varied in their weight and proportions, in their magnitude and form, as the experience of each successive month indicated. As defects became manifest they were remedied; improvements suggested were adopted; and each quarter produced engines of such increased power and efficiency, that their predecessors were abandoned, not because they were worn out, but because they had been outstripped in the rapid march of improvement. Add to this, that only one species of engine has been effectively tried; the capabilities of others remain still to be developed, and that form of engine which has received the advantage of a course of experiments on so grand a scale to carry it towards perfection, is far short of this point, and still has defects, many of which it is obvious time and experience will remove. If then travelling steam-engines, with all the imperfection of an incipient invention—with the want of experience, the great parent of practical improvements—with the want of the common advantage of the full application of the skill and capital of the country—subjected to but one great experiment, and that experiment limited to one form of engine, and conducted, as we shall presently show, not on the wisest principles, nor with the most liberal policy;—if, under such disadvantages, the effects to which we have referred have been produced, what may we not expect from this extraordinary power when the enterprise of the country is unfettered,—when the greater fields of experience are opened,—when time, ingenuity, and capital, have removed the existing imperfections, and have brought to light new and more powerful principles? This is not mere speculation on possibilities, but refers to what is in a state of actual progression. Railways are in progress between the points of greatest intercourse in the United Kingdoms, and travelling steam-engines are in preparation in every quarter for the common turnpike roads; the practicability and utility of that application of the steam engine having not only been established by experiment to the satisfaction of their projectors, but proved before the legislature so conclusively, as to be taken for the foundation of Parliamentary enactments.

The important commercial and political effects attending such increased facility and speed in the transport of persons and goods, are too obvious to require any very extended notice here. A part of the price (and in many cases a considerable part) of every article of necessity or luxury, consists of the cost of transporting it from the producer to the consumer; and consequently every abatement or saving in this cost must produce a corresponding reduction in the price of every article transported; that is to say, of every thing which is necessary for the subsistence of the poor, or for the enjoyment of the rich, of every comfort, and of every luxury of life. The benefit of this will extend, not to the consumer only, but to the producer; by lowering the expense of transport of the produce, whether of the soil or of the loom, a less quantity of that produce will be spent in bringing the remainder to market, and consequently a greater surplus will reward the labour of the producer. The benefit of this will be felt even more by the agriculturist than by the manufacturer; because the proportional cost of transport of the produce of the soil is greater than that of manufactures. If 200 quarters of corn be necessary to raise 400, and 100 more be required to bring the 400 to market, then the net surplus will be 100. But if by the use of steam-carriages the same quantity can be brought to market with an expenditure of 50 quarters, then the net surplus will be increased from 100 to 150 quarters; and either the profit of the farmer, or the rent of the landlord, must be increased by the same amount.

But the agriculturist would not merely be benefited by an increased return from the soil already under cultivation. Any reduction in the cost of transporting the produce to market would call into cultivation tracts of inferior fertility, the returns from which would not at present repay the cost of cultivation and transport. Thus land would become productive, which is now waste, and an effect would be produced equivalent to adding so much fertile soil to the present extent of the country. It is well known that land of a given degree of fertility will yield increased produce by the increased application of capital and labour. By a reduction in the cost of transport a saving will be made which may enable the *agriculturist* to apply to tracts already under cultivation the capital thus saved, and thereby increase their actual production. Not only, therefore, would such an effect be attended with an increased extent of cultivated land, but also with an increased degree of cultivation in that which is already productive.

It has been said that in Great Britain there are above a million of horses engaged in various ways in the transport of passengers and goods, and that to support each horse requires as much land as would upon an average support eight men. If this quantity of animal power were displaced by steam-engines, and the means of transport drawn from the bowels of the earth, instead of being raised upon its surface, then, supposing the above calculation correct, as much land would become available for the support of human beings as would suffice for an additional population of eight millions, or, what amounts to the same, would increase the means of support of the present population by about one-third of the present available means. The land which now supports horses for transport, would then support men, or produce corn for food.

The objection that a quantity of land exists in the country capable of supporting horses alone, and that such land would be thrown out of cultivation, scarcely deserves notice here. The existence of any considerable quantity of such land is extremely doubtful. What is the soil which will feed a horse, and not feed oxen or sheep, or produce food for man? But even if it be admitted that there exists in the country a small portion of such land, that portion cannot exceed, nor indeed equal, what would be sufficient for the number of horses which must after all continue to be employed for the purposes of pleasure, and in a variety of cases where steam must necessarily be inapplicable. It is to be remembered also, that the displacing of horses in one extensive occupation, by diminishing their price, must necessarily increase the demand for them in others.

The reduction in the cost of transport of manufactured articles, by lowering their price in the market, will stimulate their consumption. This observation applies of course not only to home but to foreign markets. In the latter we already in many branches of manufacture command a monopoly. The reduced price which we shall attain by cheapness and facility of transport, will still further extend and increase our advantages. The necessary consequence will be an increased demand for manufacturing population; and this increased population again re-acting on the agricultural interests, will form an increased market for that species of produce. So interwoven and complicated are the fibres which form the texture of the highly civilized and artificial community in which we live, that an effect produced on any one point is instantly transmitted to the most remote and apparently unconnected parts of the system.

The two advantages of increased cheapness and speed, besides extending the amount of existing traffic, call into existence new objects of commercial intercourse. For the same reason that the reduced cost of transport, as we have shown, calls new soils into cultivation, it also calls into existence new markets for manufactured and agricultural produce. The great speed of transit, which has been proved to be practicable, must open a commerce between distant points in various articles, the nature of which does not permit them to be preserved so as to be fit for use beyond a certain time. Such are, for example, many species of vegetable and animal food, which at present are confined to markets at a very limited distance from the grower or feeder. The truth of this observation is manifested by the effects which have followed the intercourse by steam on the Irish Channel. The western towns of England have become markets for a prodigious quantity of Irish produce, which it had been previously impossible to export. If animal food be transported alive from the grower to the consumer, the distance of the market is limited by the power of the animal to travel, and the cost of its support on the road. It is only particular species of cattle which bear to be carried to market on common roads and by horse carriages. But the peculiar nature of a rail-way, the magnitude and weight of the loads which may be transported on it, and the prodigious speed which may be attained, render the transport of cattle of every species, to almost any distance, both easy and cheap. In process of time, when the railway system becomes extended, the metropolis and populous towns will therefore become markets, not as at present to districts within limited distances of them, but to the whole country.

The moral and political consequences of so great a change in the powers of transition of persons and intelligence from place to place, are not easily calculated. The concentration of mind and exertion which a great metropolis always exhibits, will be extended in a considerable degree to the whole realm. The same effect will be produced as if all distances were lessened in the proportion in which the speed and cheapness of transit are increased. Towns, at present removed some stages from the metropolis, will become its suburbs; others, now at a day's journey, will be removed to its immediate vicinity; business will be carried on with as much ease between them and the metropolis, as it is now between distant points of the metropolis itself. The ordinary habitations of various classes of citizens engaged in active business in the towns, will be at what now are regarded considerable distances from the places of their occupation. The salubrity of cities will thus be increased by superseding the necessity of heaping the inhabitants together, story upon story, within a confined space; and by enabling the town population to spread itself over a larger extent of surface, without incurring the inconvenience of distance. Let those who discard speculations like these as wild and improbable, recur to the state of public opinion at no very remote period, on the subject of steam navigation. Within the memory of persons who have not yet passed the meridian of life, the possibility of traversing by the steam-engine the channels and seas that surround and intersect these islands, was regarded as the dream of enthusiasts. Nautical men and men of science rejected such speculations with equal incredulity, and with *little less* than scorn for the understanding of those who could for a moment entertain them. Yet we have witnessed steam-engines traversing, not these channels and seas alone, but sweeping the face of the waters round every coast in Europe, and even ploughing the great oceans of the world. If steam be not used as the only means of connecting the most distant habitable points of our planet, it is not because it is inadequate to the accomplishment of that end, but because local and accidental causes limit the supply of that material from which at the present moment it derives its powers.

THE CONSTELLATION.

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THE HAPPY SEASON.

In the days of our youth, who of us has not for weeks enjoyed, in delightful anticipation, the holidays of Christmas and New Year; when released from the monotony of our daily attendance on school, we should laugh and sport with our playmates all the day long—crack nuts, and play forfeits and blind-man's buff in the evening—empty our stockings on a Christmas morn of all the variety of sugar-plums, cakes, candies, story books, and other nic-nacs with which Santa Claus had so liberally supplied them on the preceding eve—and wish "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year" to all our relatives and friends!—These were *happy, happy* days, when unsophisticated childhood viewed the path it was about to tread, as strewed only with flowers, the most beautiful of which were at their disposal for the mere trouble of culling. Must the veil be drawn from before the eyes of our dear little friends who are now in the midst of all these delights? No—not at this season: rather let us encourage their innocent, infantile sports—and hope that time, in suiting their enjoyments to maturer years, may not bring with it an undue portion of care or sorrow.

In reviewing the pleasures of infancy, we must not forget those of our youth and manhood, when, surrounding the festive board with fathers and mothers, aunts, uncles, and cousins, we hailed the return of Christmas as a time for unmixed pleasure. This is peculiarly a season to think of "absent friends." How many fathers and mothers will, at this festive period, turn their thoughts with more than ordinary affection towards absent children—while those children recal with delight (not, however, without regret at their present separation) those delightful hours which at this period of the year they have passed in the family circle! Friend recollects friend—"tho' absent, not forgotten:" his health and happiness is pledged in sincerity—and although during the remainder of the year, the affairs of life may prevent his being so frequently brought to mind, yet *now* he is sure of remembrance.

We trust that all *our* friends have spent a "merry Christmas," and we most sincerely wish them a "happy New Year."

It has been observed by an acute writer that "no romance is so romantic as history;" and when we consider the strange contrarieties in human nature, we are tempted to exclaim "chimera's all." One advantage of history, however, is this, that the facts which have transpired in the lives of those who have preceded us, renders our happiness more at our own command, and wisely availing ourselves of their experience, we are enabled so to direct our steps, that happiness shall be ours, if we will only strive to attain it!

No man reads without adding either to his happiness or his discomfort, for it is one of the fundamentals of philosophy that action, whether mental or corporeal, shall produce a result; we are consequently either better or worse for our reading, or in other words, the instruction we have gained adds to or diminishes our happiness.

We live in an age, however, in which we are willing to believe that if removed from the golden period of the ancients, we have yet this advantage over them; in our day philosophy, which with them only dawned, is pouring upon us the full effulgence of its rays,—and their acquirements in wisdom and knowledge, when compared with the vast literary accumulations we possess, were to them almost a name alone. Among the Egyptians, science was a cabala shrouded in mystery, the labyrinths of which the priests alone could thread, the little aristocracy of human nature keeping only for the "initiated few" all that was wise, and consequently powerful.

The literature of the East was to us for ages a sealed book, and though from certain facts we knew it to contain some of the most important and valuable historical treasures, yet as it was locked up in a sacred language, which had ceased to be spoken or written, and the key of which was so carefully preserved by the native priests, that it was [illegible] for Europeans to unravel [illegible].

In the year 1751, an English boy, in whose mind had been implanted a thirst for useful reading by an admirable mother, being then only in his fifth year, was turning over in rather a desultory manner a Bible in his mother's closet, when his attention was arrested by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse; this boy, who was distinguished at Harrow school as the associate of young Parr, and William Bennet, (subsequently Bishop of Cloyne); and afterwards as the "Justinian of India," was Sir Wm. Jones! and to this impression, which never was effaced, we may trace the brilliant discoveries of this learned Orientalist in the Sanscrit literature, and the other sacred Eastern antiquities.

In the "History of British India," now before us, we have a very valuable collection of facts connected with the religion, wars, literature, and civil and political relations of the "gorgeous Ind,"—and almost of the world "beyond the Ganges." So complete a work as the present, embracing all the essential points in the commerce, literature, mythology, customs, manners, &c. of the vast country of Hindostan, has never before been offered to the reading public. The information is full and important, and contains some highly interesting statements, as connected with Indian commerce, navigation, &c. and of such importance has the subject been considered in England, that no less than the pens of eight of the most distinguished historians, naturalists, medical and scientific men have been united in the production of this work.

Passing over the conquest of India by Alexander, and the discoveries by the early Portuguese navigators—we find that India was considered by the British as a country of the first importance to their commerce at an early period. Mr. Murray, to whose pen we are indebted for the historical portion of these interesting volumes, says:—"From the first dawn of maritime enterprise and adventure in Britain, the trade of India was contemplated as its grandest object,—the chief fountain of commercial wealth. Into the sanguine conceptions formed on this subject there entered, no doubt, a considerable degree of illusion. A more enlightened school of political economy seems to have demonstrated that agriculture and manufactures open more copious sources of prosperity than traffic of any description; that the home trade, from its quick returns, is more productive than the foreign; and the intercourse between closely contiguous countries more valuable than that with distant regions. A commerce, therefore, of which the market is at the opposite extremity of the globe, can never do more than employ the surplus capital of an already wealthy community. Yet there were circumstances which, even at this early stage of mercantile enterprise, threw a peculiar lustre on the trade of India. The staple articles consisted of finer and richer fabrics than any that had yet been produced in the West; diamonds, pearls, jewels the most beautiful and brilliant; spices, also, the most fragrant and grateful to the senses. The great scale, too, on which operations were conducted, and the large fortunes accumulated in certain instances, gave to this traffic a character of grandeur not belonging to the smaller transactions which took place within the limits of Britain or of Europe. Even the mysterious remoteness of the regions that were to be the theatre of this intercourse, the train of adventure and uncertainty through which they were to be reached, heightened their attraction, and were altogether congenial to the spirit of that bold and enterprising age."

The numerous commercial voyages to discover a shorter passage to India, from the reign of Edward the Sixth to the unsuccessful return of Captain Lancaster in 1594, (a period of nearly half a century) are now laid before us. In 1599, the first association for conducting a regular trade with India was formed, by the emulative spirit of the English, who evinced a determination, by this arrangement, not to yield in enterprize with the Dutch Company, who had sent out four vessels with the same object in 1595. The capital subscribed was 30,000*l.*, and the association in the ensuing year was merged in the first incorporated body of traders to the East, with ample privileges and a charter of sole right and inheritance for fifteen years. This association was the parent of that commercial monopoly now known as the British East India Company.

The first territorial possession in India acquired by Great Britain, was in [illegible] in consequence of the marriage of Charles II. to the Infanta Catherine, when the Island of Bombay was ceded by the Portuguese Government as part of her dowry.

Of the rise of the establishment in Bengal, we learn, that "An English medical gentleman of the name of Boughton, resident at Surat, having visited Agra in 1651, was fortunate enough to remove a dangerous illness which had affected the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan. The gratitude felt by the monarch was employed by Boughton, with a laudable patriotism, in obtaining for his countrymen very ample commercial privileges. From Agra he proceeded to the court of the Nabob of Bengal, where his skill, exerted with equal success, was rewarded by a grant to the English of very extensive local advantages and immunities. The merchants of Surat, on payment of 3000 rupees, obtained full freedom of trade exempt from customs; and in 1656 they erected a factory at Hoogley, situated on that branch of the river which has always been considered the principal channel for the trade of the Ganges. From this time ships and investments were sent to Bengal every year."

In the sixth chapter, which embraces the early Mohammedan conquests in India, we have the following sketch of the Sultan Mahmoud:—"There is not a more checkered name in Oriental history than that of Mahmoud. His justice has been so much celebrated, that, according to eastern writers, the wolf and the lamb in his reign drank at the same fountain; yet instances are not wanting in which his conduct appears marked by the grossest iniquity and extortion. His piety is as much celebrated, yet equally problematical. According to Ferishta, he was in early life prone to skepticism. His mind was agitated with doubt on two very different points,—whether there was a future world, and whether he was the son of Subuktagi; for the general department of his mother, it seems, left this last question open to controversy. A vision appeared to him, when the Prophet in person removed both these subjects of inquietude—and the emperor then commenced a high religious profession. His zeal, however, brought such an accession of power and wealth, as made it be doubted whether his devotions to heaven were not chiefly valued as they tended to make him lord of the earth. His fervour was especially inflamed by reports of the boundless wealth accumulated in the holy shrines of Hindostan, and his conscience incessantly reproached him, till these profane treasures were transported to adorn the palaces of Ghizni."

Of the far-famed Ayeen Akberry, a sort of oriental "domes-daye-booke," comprising a full account of the Emperor Akbar's dominions, government, occupations, &c. we have a very interesting account; it was during the reign of this sovereign that the first European religious mission arrived at the mogul court, having been specially invited from Goa by the Emperor in 1568.

The character of Aurengzebee is fairly given, as a monarch of extraordinary ability, but whose many virtues were shaded with crimes whose deep and legible stains cannot be concealed. He is stated to have been a sort of eastern "Cromwell, whom in many respects he resembled."

The second and third volumes, which comprise the conquest of Bengal—the war in the Mysore, Seringapatam, &c., the Hindoo mythology, literature, commercial transactions, natural and botanical history, geology, &c. &c.—we are under the necessity of leaving for a future period, at the same time warmly recommending the whole as a valuable addition to the Family Library of the Messrs. Harpers. *

From the last number of Waldie's Select Circulating Library, we find that this excellent work has succeeded even beyond the publisher's anticipations; and we are most happy to congratulate Mr. W. that his publication is now on a permanent footing.

N.B. The 4th number we have never received.

City Saloon Assemblies.—The elegant rooms, No. 218 Broadway, are now open for dancing, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Trust, whose talent in imparting the principles of this graceful accomplishment have been so decidedly approved by our fashionables. (See advertisement.)

The Providence Patriot sent us a paper soliciting *exchange*—in return we forwarded one of our circulars;—the solicitation was on their side not *ours*—we have never yet required the Patriot, but *when* we do (!) we shall be ready to *pay* for it.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. IX.

"*Shocking bad Hats.*"

Barney Flinn—was charged with interrupting passengers in the Cowgate. As he stood at the bar, Barney's whole toggery was not worth sixpence, particularly his small clothes, which required the immediate aid of a gentleman fashioner.

Magistrate—You are a fine figure! Don't you think shame of yourself?

Barney—Och, your honour, it's long since that left me. It was your unmanly police fellows that tore me so.

Magistrate—Was you drunk last night?

Barney—No, your honour, I had only two quarterns the whole blessed day.

Magistrate—Of Whiskey?

Barney—To be sure, your honour, depind on it 'twasn't water.

Magistrate—A pretty dose. No wonder the cholera is raging so much.

No. 1. Patrole, declared that Barney went up to a shearer and without ceremony knocked off his hat, saying "you have a shocking bad hat, man," at the same time putting one of two he had in his hand on Saunder's head, with "now, sir, you look like a gentlemen, and all for the small charge of sixpence, your old castor in return." Saunders wished to get away, but Barney kept close to him, bawling out to every one, "you have a shocking bad hat, sir; I say, sir, you have got a shocking bad hat." A great assemblage was collected, to the great annoyance of the public.

An Irish scavenger, newly imported, was next examined.

Superintendent—What do you know of this case?

Pat—Sure, why, and I never saw such a hatter in all my life. This here chap, Barney, the hat broker, hit off my topper, and put one of his own on my head and gave it such a knock that it come over my eyes, your honour, and as your honour sees, nearly cut off my nose; and then he swore that I now looked like a true Hibernian.

Superintendent—Had the hat a crown?

Pat—Why, your honour's worship, it could not be a hat at all at all, if it wanted a crown.

Barney—Och, say now, was it not you, yourself, that made the crowd? Had you tipt me the cas (sixpence) and had not swore that you would give me a fistful into my chatterbox, it would have been all as sweet as a new boiled murphy.

Pat—Och, be asy now, you cunning fellow. Arrah, you knocked off my hat, and offered me another for twopence of boot, because mine was not worth a ha'penny? Och, now, no more of your blarney. I'm up to you Barney.

Superintendent—This will not do Barney.

Barney—Hasn't a man a right to sell his goods the best way he can?

Magistrate—You have no right, sir, to stop people going along the streets.

Barney—Why, an' please your honour's worship when I see a man with a shocking bad hat, it's my call to tell him I have a better; and how could I sell my hats unless I try them on the fellow's head?

Magistrate—I should wish to be excused from having such a fitter, and have a good mind to fine you; but you seem to be a stupid fellow, and I will discharge you on your promise to behave better in future.

"Och, bless your honour," said Barney, and walked off.—*Scotch paper.*

Quadrilling.—Mr. Nicholas Tubbs appeared before the Commissioners of Requests upon a summons to show cause why he refused or neglected to pay the sum of 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, being the balance of an an account alleged to be due from him to Miss Julia Slattery, of which account the following is a true copy, as it was handed into court on behalf of the plaintiff.

"Mr. Tubbs toe Miss Slatery.

1829 Jenwary toe Joon six months			
in Strucshun toe Miss Tubbs	£6	0	0
Dedukt cash and odd things	4	2	6
balans still doo	1	17	6

The court taking the singular orthography of Miss Slattery's account into its consideration, asked her what kind of "instruction" she had given Miss Tubbs?

"Oh dear!" said Miss Slattery—"*finishing* instruction of course. I am peculiar sorry to say that Miss Tubbs's education had been neglected shameful through the perspicuity of her father, Mr. Tubbs here; and by her mama's desire I gave her the *coo de grace.*"

The Court: What do you mean, Madam, by saying you had given her the *coup de grace?*"

"Why, of course, I gave her the grace!" replied Miss Slattery. "All the grace she has got from me; for Miss Tubbs, poor thing! had been so shameful put about that she noo nothing. But by my superior intuitions, and being herself extreme seditious in learning, she is now fit for any company, for I gave her a grace in the bearing herself in the *ke-drille*, (query *quadrille!*) and in the *resuscitation* of her *fingering*; and in"—

The Court: Well, Mr. Tubbs, you hear what the lady says—and perhaps you understand her better than we do. What have you to say why we should not order you to pay her claim?

Mr. Tubbs; Why, I've got to say as this: Who employed she to be meddling and making with my darter?

Miss Slattery: Who *employed* me; I was not employed—I was *engaged*, Tubbs; and I was engaged by your wife, who has more sense in her thumb-nail than you have in your whole body—Tubbs!

Mr. Tubbs: Very good, and now your Worship, I'll just take and tell you all about it. My wife says to me, Tubbs, says she, what do you think? I don't know, says I. Why, says she, there's a nice p lady up in Mrs. Davis's two pair front, wot's took a notion to our Bridget—that's my darter, your Worship!

Well, says I, and what of that? for I keeps a *coal-shed*, your worships, and does a trifle in salt fish and green groceries besides. Why, says my wife, says she, you know, Tubbs, Bridget's a big wench now; and if you'll let the old lady finish her up a bit in dancing and pannyforting, she'll take it out in coals and wedgytables; says my wife to me—just so. And with that, I says to my wife, says I,—Shut your tater trap, Mrs. Tubbs, says I; and you mind your business, and let Bridget mind the shop; for I'll have no such tthervhomming and gallivanting, I can and do assure you, Mrs. Tubbs, says I. No, but Tubbs, says she. Don't Tubbs me, says I; I'll have no more words about it—and with that I thought it were all dropped; till one morning as I were getting out of bed, I sees my wife's pocket hanging out from under her end of the bolster, and out of the slit of the pocket this here note were sticking:—(Note handed into Court and read by the clerk;) "Miss J. Slattery's compliments to Mrs. and Miss Tubbses, and requests the honour of their company to a *quadrill party* on Friday evening."

Mr. Tubbs, in continuation: Blow me! your Worship, if you might'nt have knocken me down with a feather, you might indeed. So I crumples up the note, and I drops it into my wife's mouth—for she has got an ugly knack of sleeping with her mouth wide open, you'll understand; and I whips on my things, and down stairs I creeps, leaving her fast asleep with the note in her mouth; and off I goes to market to buy my green stuff and six sacks of white-eyed taters."

Here the Court cut short Mr. Tubbs's narrative by peremptorily ordering him to state why he objected to pay.

"Why, because I laid a *nembargo* upon it!" replied Mr. Tubbs. "I sent her word, time after time, if she quadrilled my Bridget I wouldn't be answerable; I quarrelled with Mrs. Tubbs; and I were everlasting blowing up Bridget. But what can one do agen three women? it were all of no use; say what I would, do what I could, my coals, cash, and turnips were *clandestinated* out of my house to pay for the *quadrilling*, and I verily believe they'd have drilled me into *quod*, if I had not put a stop to it by packing Bridget off to her uncle's at Northampton."

Evidence was then called to prove that he had repeatedly given Miss Slattery notice that he would not be answerable; and of course she was nonsuited.

WE ARE SEVEN!

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad,
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we,
And *two* of us at Conway dwell,
And *two* are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven: I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only *five*."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more, from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane,
In bed [illegible] moaning lay,
Till God releas'd her of her pain,
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid,
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven;"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven.

But they are dead, those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are SEVEN!"

Lyrical Ballads.

MY NEW COAT.—A FRAGMENT.

I never was so miserable in all my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, so my tailor tells me. I had been reading Miss Landon's "*Improvisatrice*;" but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's-street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us, that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get a habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and sallied forth. I passed through the western divisions of George-street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care; I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I said to myself, "They may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good-humoured, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before. I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coat get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India, and I have only one of the sort) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my nose; but, when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Castle-street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid-servants, who were standing at the top of their area-stair, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, opposite the Assembly-rooms, three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but, though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Just as I passed Gardner's shop, or between that and M'Diarmid's, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear, "Any old clothes to sell, sir?" I answered, "No!" rather gruffly; for my first impression was, that a kind of sneer was intended at my new coat; but, on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am sorry to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into South Hanover-street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flour and dust. The daring villain was a baker, and, with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lineal descendant of the murderer Haggart, he had attempted to destroy for ever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately, an obliging footman, who was near me at the time, seeing my distress, lifted his hand, and, by a pretty violent application of it to my back and side, succeeded in restoring me to comparative peace of mind. I got into Prince's-street. The sun was shining brightly; all the world was abroad; but I [illegible] not meet with one whose coat was so new [illegible] own. I felt my superiority; I perceived that I [illegible] an object of universal attention. I don't know [illegible] my black eyes glanced sunshine into mine; I [illegible] recollect the number of blue oglers that [illegible] my heart at every step. Opposite Blackwood's shop, a gentleman, in a blue surtout and green spectacles, stopped me, and, addressing me in French, gave me to understand that he was a Spanish refugee—very poor and very miserable—and that, as he had been informed I was celebrated for my charitable actions, he hoped I would afford him a little assistance. [illegible] rather pleased at the strange address; [illegible] came to be informed that I was celebrated for my charitable actions, I confess I cannot very well comprehend; for, with the exception of a penny I threw to a little boy who continued scraping on the fiddle under my window one day after dinner when I was falling asleep, I do not think I have given away a farthing in charity for the last nine months. The Spanish refugee, however, in green spectacles, had done me the honour to single me out, probably in consequence of the air of distinction which my new coat gave me, and it would have been very inhuman in me not to have presented him with half-a-crown. He received it with much gratitude, and I went on towards the Calton-hill.

Passing the Waterloo Hotel, I encountered a cloud of dust, which I did not at all like, but which I was philosopher enough to submit to in silence. Severer evils were awaiting me. After I had ascended the hill, the day suddenly overcast; big, heavy drops of rain began to fall—faster and faster—till a thunder-shower came tumbling down with irresistible violence. Good Heaven! rain—thunder-rain upon a new coat—the very first day I had ever put it on! I turned back—I ran—I flew—but in vain! Before I could reach the nearest place of shelter, I was completely drenched. I could have wept, but I was in too great an agony to think of weeping. When I got to the east end of Prince's-street, there was not a coach on the stand. I might have gone into Barry's or Mackay's, but it would have been of no use—I was as wet as I could be. I walked straight home through the splashing streets. I do not think I was in my right reason. I was to have dined out in my new coat, and now it would never look new again! It was soaked in water. I put my hand in my pocket mechanically to take out my silk handkerchief—I don't know why: Heaven and earth! it was gone: my pocket had been picked! I had lost my new silk handkerchief. The horrible conviction flashed upon me that the Spanish refugee in green spectacles, who had complimented me on my charitable actions, and to whom I had given half-a-crown, took it from me.

I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat by myself, meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached my nostrils. I started up; in a moment the fatal truth crossed my mind; I rushed into the kitchen; my cook was fast asleep: and my coat was smoking before the fire, burned brown in a dozen different places, with here and there several small holes. I seized a carving-knife to stab the cook to the heart; but, in my impetuosity, I tumbled over a kitchen tub, and, as I fell, my head struck with a bump upon the cook's lap. She started up, and calling me a "base monster," fled from the kitchen as fast as her dumpy legs could carry her dumpier carcass. I thought of committing suicide; but just at that moment the chambermaid came to tell me that the tailor had called to know how I liked my new coat. I pushed my arm through one of the holes that had been burned in the back of it—tottered into the dining room where he was waiting for me—and fell in a swoon at his feet.—*Scotch pap.*

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—We make the following extracts from Mr. Cass's Report:

The first subject touched on by the Secretary, is the hostile aggressions of the Sac and Fox Indians upon the borders of Illinois and Michigan, which had attracted the attention of the Government before the close of the last session of Congress. The regular troops in that vicinity, under Brigadier General Atkinson, were brought at once into the field, and sustained by the co-operation of the militia of the States named; and as a precautionary measure, and to place the result of the campaign as far as possible beyond the reach of accident, the garrisons of some posts upon the seaboard and on the lakes, were ordered to Chicago, under Major General Scott. "The celerity with which these troops moved, is creditable to their character and discipline. One of the companies reached Chicago in eighteen days from Old Point Comfort, a distance, by the route necessarily travelled, of more than eighteen hundred miles; and the movement of the whole was marked by the greatest despatch. Unfortunately, their hopes of being useful to their country were suddenly arrested, when highest, by the appearance of the cholera; and probably few military expeditions have presented scenes more appalling in themselves, or demanding the exertion of greater moral courage." Of about 1500 officers and men of the regular troops ordered to the frontier, not less than 200 fell victims to the disease. A high compliment is paid to the conduct of General Scott, in this period of trying responsibility.

With respect to the Engineer department, we are told, that in the construction of the various works of defence on the maritime frontier, the progress has been as rapid as was compatible with a proper and economical administration of the duty, and the numerous calls on the officers of the department.

The attention of Congress is invited to the losses and injuries sustained in this and every other branch of the public service where disbursements are necessary, by the late period at which appropriations are [illegible] made. A compliment is paid to the ze[al] [illegible] of the Engineer corps; and an enlargement of its numbers recommended, as its members are too few for the performance of the duties now required from it.

The reasons heretofore urged for an augmentation and more efficient organization of the topographical corps, are said still to exist in full force. In both these cases, the Secretary sets forth the advantages to be gained by a due enlargement and permanent arrangement of these branches of the Engineer department.

"The *Military Academy*, as will be seen by the report of the Board of Visiters, is steadily pursuing its course of usefulness. As an institution national in its objects, its administration, its support, and its pupils, it merits the fostering care of the Government and the kind regard of the public. For a series of years it has undergone the rigid examination of the most respectable citizens selected from every part of the country, many of whom have arrived there with strong prejudices against it, but all of whom, I believe, have returned with a deep conviction of its importance and admirable management. As a school, where the various sciences auxiliary to the art of war are taught, and taught most thoroughly—as a camp of instruction, where the practical duties of the soldier are acquired, and where the difficult art of governing is learned, by learning first the duty of obedience—as a place of deposite, where all the improvements in military knowledge throughout the world are ascertained, preserved, and investigated—and as a point of concentration, where young men are brought into friendly contact and emulation from every part of the Union, and are sent out to defend their country, with their sectional prejudices diminished and their views enlarged, it is among the most valuable possessions of the Republic."

The Secretary urges the suggestions of the Board of Visiters, on the subject of some improvements, "and especially," he says, "I am impressed with the importance of proper places of public worship, where all the persons attached to the institution (amounting, with their families, to more than eight hundred individuals) can assemble and unite in the performance of religious duties. In a Christian community, the obligations upon this subject will not be questioned; and the expense of providing a suitable place of worship, especially as a chaplain is maintained there, cannot be put in competition with the permanent advantages of a course of religious instruction to such a number of persons—a large portion of whom are at that critical period which determines whether the future course of life shall be for evil or for good."

The importance of the following paragraphs induces us to quote them in full.

"In the subsistence of the army an important change has been made, which, I trust, will prove salutary to the health and morals of the troops. In lieu of spirituous liquors, which formerly composed a part of each ration, a commutation was some time since established, by which its value was paid to each soldier in money; but, at the same time, he had permission to purchase this destructive article from the sutler of the post. The regulation you have recently authorised substitutes coffee and sugar for the commutation previously established. Four pounds of coffee and eight pounds of sugar are hereafter to be issued with every one hundred rations. And, at those posts where the troops prefer it ten pounds of rice are allowed to the same number of rations, instead of the beans which have formed a constituent portion of the subsistence of the soldier. From a comparative statement furnished by the Commissary General, it appears that this alteration in the component parts of the ration will add but two mills and four-tenth to its cost, and will increase the whole amount of the army subsistence by a sum not exceeding six thousand dollars—an expenditure not to be regarded when the benefits resulting from it are taken into view.—Simultaneously with this arrangement, a regulation was adopted, prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors by the sutlers to the troops, and its introduction, under any circumstances, into the camps and forts of the United States, with the exception of the hospital stores, and of the quantity necessary to issue under that provision of the law which allows an extra gill to every soldier engaged in fatigue duty. No authority to dispense with this is vested in the Executive, and Congress alone can interpose the necessary remedy. I am satisfied the great cause of public morals, as well as the dicipline and efficiency of the army, would be promoted by an entire abolition of these issues; and I cannot but hope that the legislative authority will be exerted for that purpose. An addition of three cents to the sum allowed for extra daily labour, would be more than an adequate pecuniary compensation for the deprivation herein recommended, and would increase but in a very inconsiderable degree, the public expenditure.

"A very partial knowledge of the actual condition of our army is sufficient to satisfy the most superficial observer, that to habits of intemperance may be traced almost all the evils of our military establishment. These need no enumeration, that an adequate conception may be formed of their nature and their consequences. But it is time that an enemy so insidious and destructive, were met and overcome; that all palliatives were abandoned; and that a system of exclusion, of entire, unconditional, exclusion, were introduced and [illegible]. Every just consideration [illegible] requires this measure, and public [illegible] prepared for, and would approve [illegible] commend this subject to your most [illegible]."

GERMAN LYRICS.

A notice in the Edinburgh Review, No. CXL., of the recent Lyrical Poetry of the Germans, selects the writings of Uhland and Heine, as affording the best specimens since the epoch of the greater names of German authorship. Uhland stands highest of the two here named. We select some short pieces from the works of each, for the reader's gratification.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed the restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
Uhland.

THE DREAM.

Two lovers thro' the garden
Walk'd hand in hand alone;
Two pale and slender creatures,
They sat the flowers among.

They kiss'd each other's cheek so warm,
They kiss'd each other's mouth;
They held each other arm in arm,
They dream'd of health and youth.

Two bells they sounded suddenly,
They start—from their sleep;
And in the convent cell she lay,
And he in dungeon deep.

THE TEAR.

The latest light of evening
Upon the waters shone,
And still we sat in the lonely hut,
In silence and alone.

The sea-fog grew, the screaming mew
Rose on the water's swell,
And silently in her gentle eye
Gather'd the tears and fell.

I saw them stand on the lily hand,
Upon my knee I sank,
And kneeling there, from her white hand
The precious dew I drank.

And sense and power, since that sad hour,
In longing waste away;
Ah me! I fear, in such weeping tear
Some subtle poison lay.
Heine.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE.

LORD D—— AND HIS WIFE.

This surprising story we take from the Memoirs of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., F.R.S.

"The Kinderley family having been mentioned in a former page, it may not be uninteresting in this place to relate the following anecdote, which an old servant, who had lived fifty-two years with Mrs. Kinderley and her daughter Mrs. Smith, frequently repeated as a fact with which she was well acquainted, and in part a witness of. The Rev. John Kinderley's connexion with Scotland had procured him the acquaintance of several families in the north, among whom Lord D—— was one of his most intimate friends. This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for the widow of an officer. His Lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the Continent. Here, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England and interred in a particular church, which she named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D—— accompanied the body in the same ship, and, upon landing at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady were enclosed excited the suspicions of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining its contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat Lord D—— proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what he assured them was within. Accordingly the proposal was yielded to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognised in the features of the deceased his own wife! and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon further conversation, that Lady D—— had been married against her inclination to this person, and determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D——. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and on the same evening Lord D——, in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house, in Norwich, for consolation. It was winter and about six o'clock when he arrived. Mr. Kinderley was called out to speak to a stranger, and returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D—— set up with Mr. Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his afflictions and extraordinary fate to his friend; and at day-break, in order to avoid any interview with his host's family, for which his spirits were unequal, he departed."

ANCIENT AND MODERN ROMANCE.

"'I remember,' says Schlegel, in his History of Literature, 'that it was the observation of a great philosopher, that the moment the world should see a perfect police, the moment there should be no contraband trade, and the traveller's pass should contain an exact portrait of its bearer, that moment it would become impossible to write a good romance; for that then nothing could occur in real life which might, with any moderate degree of ornament, be formed into the ground-work of such a fiction.' We are aware that murder has its advantages, and are by no means disposed to undervalue the capabilities of a highway robbery. Presenting a pistol, as of old time, we admit is rather a stronger stimulus to the nerves of the reader than our modern plan of presenting a forged cheque; and an imprisonment and escape from some baronial castle vastly more picturesque than a residence within the Rules, followed by a liberation under the Insolvent Act. Still, if the anonymous critic alluded to had lived to the present day, he would have seen cause, we think, to modify his views as to the extinction of the materials of fiction. True enough, the world with us seems verging towards that state which he contemplated. Bagshot and Hounslow are losing their traditional terrors; the mail coach (except in Ireland) will run for a lifetime without being fired at; the old waggon, so fertile in grotesque combinations of character, so fruitful a spring of adventure on highways and in hostelries, no longer drags its lazy length along with its human cargo;—no worthy successor of Richard Turpin arises to 'murder sleep;' and the place and dignity of Jonathan Wild are in abeyance. All these things notwithstanding, the stream of fiction keeps its course as steadily as ever; the number of writers as well as readers is on the increase; and their productions, though awakening a different sort of interest, and producing their effect by different means, appear to take as firm and engrossing a hold of the mind, as if we were agitated in every chapter by the ancient expedients.

The truth is—and it must be a very consoling reflection to those who think the world of fiction is coming to an end—that all these matters are arranged upon a principle of compensation, by which, as one source of interest is dried up, another emerges;—or one previously existing, but overlooked as insignificant, is found on inspection to be a deep, clear, and perennial well. The same influence of Time, which changes the character of events, changes our minds with them,—awakens new sympathies, deadens old feelings, and gives a new direction entirely to our curiosity and our interest. The splendid illusions of chivalry were replaced by the excitement of superstitious terror, and the powerful impulses of religion. These gave way to strong contrasts of characters, ranks, and classes,—the startling interchange of burlesque and tragical adventure, which characterized a ruder state of society in times comparatively modern; while this state of things, again, graduated silently into incidents of a more familiar, domestic, and delicate nature,—characters discriminated by minuter features, and pictures of more subdued emotion. Speculations on manners and morals, and practical views of society, now take the place of much that was formerly occupied by bustling adventure; the dialogue of the piece, as it were, is lengthened, the stage directions shortened;—the melodramatic thunder and lightning on the one hand, the jokes and [illegible] of the fools and clowns on the other, retrenched; and the spectator though he neither thrills with terror, nor shakes with inextinguishable laughter, as of yore, looks on with the calm but deep interest of one who feels that the case of the actors in the drama may come to be his own; and that, from the spectacle of their fictitious sorrows, errors and perplexities he may retire a wiser and a better man.

No doubt the capabilities of our present state of society for awakening a fictitious interest, are less obvious to a careless eye than the more salient and strongly marked features of earlier times; yet there never can be any want of harmony between the world without and the world within,—the things which interest us in reality, and those which excite or affect us in fictitious narrative,—provided only the right cord has been struck in each, by one who has music in himself, and who knows the true range and compass of his instruments. It is easy to declaim against the trifling nature of the incidents, the pettiness of the machinery, on which in our modern novels, the fortunes of the actors are made to depend—the frivolity of the objects they have in view—the monotonous equality of the surface they present. But if, in truth, in our days such are the pivots upon which joy and sorrow turn—if trifles now perform the work of more important things—if a word has come in place of a blow, and some petty usages of society neglected or observed, can constitute a source of happiness, or its opposite—if the conventional rules of manners, the false delicacies of society, now fetter us (as Gulliver was even by the tiny threads of the Lilliputians) with all the force of moral obligations, and give a sobered tone to the expression both of our virtues and our vices—has the picture of such an aspect of society no deeper meaning and significance than a gaudy pageant of balls, operas, and private theatricals? If all of us feel that half the happiness or suffering of our lives does in real life depend upon these trifling and almost invisible necessities of society, by which we are girt about on every side—if we recollect how often loves and friendships have been made or marred by a look or word given or withheld, as these imperious necessities dictated—and how often warm feeling exists beneath the cold and hardened surface with which it is incrusted, yet dares not show itself except by rule and method, we shall find ample matter for interest in the representation of this state of things—provided only the conflicting influence of natural affections with artificial feelings,—the higher aspirations of the mind under the influence of nature and solitude, with its paltry aims amidst the crowded atmosphere of fashion,—be with just interchange of light and shade placed before our eyes. In a ruder period of society, the course of existence, impelled by individual will, rolled on with too forcible a current to be easily turned aside; only some iron barrier or adamantine rock could force it from its channel; now that it has subsided into a more level plain, a stone may change its direction—a branch projected into the stream shall make it revolve in eddies; but to him who is placed upon its banks, and knows that upon the direction which it receives from such trifles it depends whether the stream shall sweep quietly past him, or overwhelm him in its waters, every pebble or rush that is dropt into it acquires importance and interest."

These general remarks on the subject of fictitious composition, as affected by the relations of society, are introductory to an article in the last number of the Edinburgh Review on "Arlington"—the latest work from the pen of Mr. Lister, author of Granby and Herbert Lacy. Arlington has been republished here, and we gave some account of the volumes when issued; but as it is reasonable to presume that it has yet fallen into the hands of comparatively few of our readers, we avail ourselves of the present occasion to lay before them one or two extracts; finding nothing else in the way of literary entertainment, at this moment, of equal interest.

THE CONCEALED ATTACHMENT.

* * * While Arlington, under the influence of Miss Saville's fascinations, and the artifices of her aunt, has been wasting his time at Lady Crawford's, a scene of a different nature has been going on at the country seat of Lord Rochdale. Lady Alice, his daughter, the victim of her mother's false delicacy, has been pining in secret, her cheeks have become pale, her look more earnest and melancholy. At last the attention of her mother is roused; and, taking the opportunity of their being alone, she ventures to ask whether the recollection of Lord Arlington is in any degree the cause of her unhappiness.

'This question was a grievous trial to Alice, and sorely was she tempted to dissemble; but the principle of truth prevailed, and she answered, though with difficulty,

'Lord Arlington is the cause of my unhappiness; and I have not, and I fear cannot forget him.'

'I had hoped, my dear child,' said Lady Rochdale, with tears in her eyes, which she strove to conceal, 'that absence and silence would have had some effect in removing these unfortunate impressions which now cause you so much pain. Since last autumn I have never mentioned the name of Lord Arlington; it has, I know, been occasionally mentioned in your hearing by others; and reports have reached you which, I had hoped, would have tended to eradicate, still more than ever, those feelings of regard which you once entertained for him. He has become notoriously the follower of Lady Crawford, and the suitor of her niece.'

'So Lady Crawford is probably very willing to report,' replied Alice; 'and he may naturally be attracted by fashion and the beauty of Miss Saville; but I own I do not feel compelled to give implicit faith to the rumour.'

'You will not believe it, Alice, because you do not wish to believe it. I fear you have no better reason. Why should society talk so loudly of Lord Arlington being always with the Crawfords? Why should they talk of his admiration of Miss Saville, and confidently assign her to him as his destined wife, if the report was not at least supported by probability?'

'I do not doubt,' said Alice, 'that there is much appearance of probability; but I cannot believe that there is more.'

'Lady Rochdale looked at her very earnestly.

'Have you any real reason,' said she, 'for withholding your belief?'

'Alice hesitated, and looked down. 'It is my impression,' said she.

'Then, dear Alice,' pursued her mother after a pause, 'do you believe that Lord Arlington is still attached to you?'

'Alice coloured deeply, and was silent.

'Confess it, my dearest child,' continued Lady Rochdale, 'confess it, if such is your belief. There can be no harm in confessing it to me.'

'Alice hesitated, coloured, rested her head upon her mother's shoulder, and whispered forth,

'I do confess it.''

'There was a short interval before either spoke; for Alice seemed alarmed and overcome by her confession, and Lady Rochdale tried, by caresses, to reassure her.

'You must think me very foolish,' were Alice's first words.

'*That*, my love,' said her mother, 'will depend upon circumstances, of which you must inform me. I shall think you foolish, nay, more, do not think me harsh if I say I shall think you blameable, if you allow yourself to cherish an ungrounded belief of the continuance of Lord Arlington's attachment; and I shall even feel it my duty, Alice, if you are not fully justified in such a belief, to do all in my power to eradicate a notion which would be little creditable to your good sense and strength of mind, and eventually destructive to your happiness.''

'Alice seemed moved by the appeal.

'My dear mother,' said she, 'it is a painful effort; but I will tell you all. You may think it little worth telling, and I may seem weak and foolish for remembering and repeating it; but you shall know every thing, and then judge of me as you please: I know you will not judge unkindly. You perhaps remember the day before Lord Arlington quitted Berwicksthorpe.' Lady Rochdale looked assent. 'He was very cold and distant,' pursued Alice, 'and I am sure there was nothing in his manner to have allowed any one to think he cared for me. That evening I saw Lord Arlington, by a reflection in an opposite mirror, take a drawing out of my portfolio, which was lying in a recess, hide it in his bosom, and carry it away. At first I was inclined to disbelieve my senses, and fancy that I might have been deceived; but when he was gone, I searched in the portfolio, and one drawing was missing. I thought it was remarkable that the missing drawing should have been one which I valued only for its associations. It was a little pen and ink sketch, which I did one morning in London when Lord Arlington had been talking to me, and talking more—what shall I say?—as if he meant to make a declaration of attachment—than he had ever done before. All at once, however, I remember he checked himself, and took the sketch and looked at it, and said with a smile, 'If drawings had tongues, how many fine things this scrap of paper might repeat!' I valued the little sketch, because it was to me a sort of record; and I had seen it in my portfolio the very day before I missed it. Lord Arlington certainly took it, and he could have taken it only because he valued it as I did, associated in his mind with a conversation which he did not wish to forget. Now, my dear mother, I have told you all. Blame me or laugh at me; but be merciful!'

'I neither blame you nor laugh at you, my love,' said her mother. 'I think the circumstance you mention was a proof of his attachment then; but we want a proof of the continuance of that attachment.'

'He has never restored the drawing,' replied Alice, her cheeks burning, and her eyes sparkling as she spoke. Lady Rochdale considered long before she returned an answer.

'I cannot blame you, Alice,' said she, 'for attaching some weight to such a circumstance; but beware, my dear child, lest you rely on it too implicitly. If the drawing has been destroyed, where is the foundation for those flattering hopes you strive to cherish?'

'Destroyed, mother?' exclaimed Alice.

'Yes: is it not possible?'

'No—no—it is not possible, and all that I know of human feelings, tells me so; when a man carries away and treasures up a relic to remind him of a woman he loves, there is nothing but resentment that can induce him to destroy it. And what cause for resentment have I given to Lord Arlington? Oh! none—none—either by word, or deed, or thought—I utterly deny the possibility. No, he could not have destroyed that drawing. You may think it a delusion, mother, but it is one that will abide with me till my death; and which,' she added, in a lower tone, and with great earnestness and solemnity, 'I almost think I should die if I could not retain.'

It would be unfair to the author and to our readers, not to give the beautiful pendant to this scene, which is presented when the misunderstandings on both sides are cleared up. It appears to us to be written with singular tenderness and delicacy. Arlington and Lady Alice have again been thrown into each other's society at the seat of a friend.

'One morning he found an opportunity, which he could not help thinking the Rochdales and Evelyns had intentionally afforded him, of speaking alone to Lady Alice. She was engaged in drawing, and he approached and sat by her. His colour was raised, and he had the air of one who has something interesting and embarrassing to communicate.

'Your drawing,' said he, 'reminds me of a confession I have to make to you. I am come to confess a theft. I am guilty of having once stolen a sketch of yours. I took it with me from Berwicksthorpe. Were you aware of this? Yes. I see I am only telling you what you knew before;' for he observed, that in the countenance of Alice, though there was the blush of confusion, there was no evidence of surprise.

'I did know it,' replied Alice. 'I saw you take the sketch; and though I was doubtful at the first moment, I very soon ascertained that it was as I believed.'

'You ascertained it before you left Berwicksthorpe?' enquired Arlington with eagerness.

'Yes, that same evening.'

'Arlington seemed for an instant to relapse into deep thoughtfulness, but, if his countenance might be trusted, of the most genuine satisfaction. Alice's heart beat quick. It seemed as though the crisis of her fate were at hand, and that the few simple words which had passed between them must infallibly lead to explanations still more interesting.

'I have confessed my theft,' said Arlington, 'and now will you forgive me for it?'

'Alice blushingly promised her forgiveness.

'And may I keep the drawing?'

'Certainly,' was her answer, 'if you have it still.'

'I have it still,' replied Arlington in an expressive tone, and with a more expressive look.

'Their eyes met for an instant, and in that instant all seemed told; while he added in a subdued tone of deep feeling,

'I am sure you do me the justice to believe, that I shall never part with it.'

'Each evidently understood the other; and it appeared as though an indirect declaration of attachment was scarcely made; and Alice now momentarily expected to hear it clothed in plainer language. But Arlington for a while was silent. He seemed to check himself—suppress what he was about to utter—and ponder deeply for a few seconds. When he spoke next, it was in an altered tone, and one which at the first instant struck a chill to the heart of Alice; for it was no longer a tone of tenderness and feeling; and the thought flashed across her mind, that she had hastily deceived herself and that no declaration was to follow, and that, in what he had said before, he had but sported with her affections.

'I hope,' said he, 'you will excuse me if I trouble you with a long story about myself. I will not say before hand why I tell it to you; but, though it may seem to require an apology, I hope you will hear it without being furnished with previous explanation. You probably knew Miss Saville?'

Alice started at the name, and sat in breathless agitation, while Arlington related to her the history of his misplaced admiration of that lady, and the interesting fact known only to so few persons, the engagement of marriage which once existed between them. When all was told,

'And now,' pursued Arlington, changing his tone once more to its former impressive softness, 'I have revealed to you what is known, I trust, to no other living being but the Crawfords, the Beauchamps, and my friend Hargrave. Believe me, it is no light trivial reason which induces me, after years of absence, and so soon after the renewal of our acquaintance, to open my heart to you in this manner—to speak confidentially on such a subject. But nothing at this moment seems to me of more consequence than—I will not say to place myself in your eyes—but, to lay open all my mind to you, and to show myself to you as I am. I will wear no false colours, if I can help it—I would not win, by means of a ruse, the best treasure the world can give,' and, he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, 'whatever happiness may be in store for me, I will not owe it to an erroneous—a too favourable impression of more undeviating constancy than I can honestly lay claim to. I fear I may have been lowered greatly in your good opinion, by having yielded to a temporary infatuation. I do not know to what extent your sentiments may be changed, by what I have just ventured to tell you. If they are changed to my disadvantage, do not keep me in suspense. Let me know it from you—and let me labour to recover some part of what I have lost.'

'They are not changed,' said Alice, in a soft and faltering tone.

'It is an assurance,' said Arlington, 'which makes me more happy than I can express to you; and mine are not changed. No! misrepresentation, reserve, absence, infatuation, may have seemed to change my feelings; but at heart I have never been inconstant. I have tried to be so, and I could not. I have endeavoured to forget you; but your image has been with me through all our long separation, and time has only strengthened my attachment. Am I too bold, Alice, in opening to you all my heart? and are you angry with me?'

'Never could a 'No' have sounded more musical—more delightful, than that which Alice uttered in reply to this fervent address from her now acknowledged lover. In a few brief moments all was said, and they had interchanged those vows, on which must hang the happiness of their after life. They had much to explain, for misconception had long and painfully enthralled them. Many were the imprisoned secrets of those two attached hearts, which now saw the light: and for the first time, they really understood each other, and knew (a knowledge happier than words can paint) how truly each had been beloved.'"

RAVAGES BY LOCUSTS.

The statements which follow are derived from a number of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, relating to the Animal Kingdom.

"The first record of the ravages of locusts which we find in history, is the account in the Book of Exodus, of their visitation to the land of Egypt. Africa appears to have been generally the quarter of the globe most severely subjected to the inroads of the locust tribe. A law was enacted and enforced, in the territory of Cyrene, according to the account of Pliny, by which the people were obliged to destroy these insects in the egg, in the larva state, and in the image. A similar law prevailed in the island of Lemnos, where each person was forced to furnish annually a certain quantity of locusts. According to Orosius, A. M. 3800, the north of Africa was so infested by them, that every vestige of vegetation vanished from the face of the earth. After this, he adds, that they flew off to sea and were drowned; but their carcases being cast upon shore, emitted a stench equal to what might have been produced by the dead bodies of 100,000 men. We are told by St. Augustine, that a pestilence arising from the same cause, destroyed no less than 800,000 people in the kingdom of Numidia, and many more in the countries along the sea coast.

Blown from that quarter of the globe, the locusts have occasionally visited both Italy and Spain. The former country was severely ravaged by myriads of those desolating intruders in 591 A. C. These were of a larger size than common, as we are informed by Mouffet, who quotes an ancient historian; and from their stench when cast into the sea, caused a plague, which carried off infinite numbers, both of men and cattle. A famine took place in the Venetian territory in 1187, occasioned by the ravages of these insects, in which 30,000 persons are reported to have perished. Mouffet mentions many other instances of the same kind which have taken place in Europe at different periods. They entered Russia in immense divisions, in three different places, in 1690, darkening the air with their numbers, and passed over from there into Poland and Lithuania.

In many parts they lay dead to the depth of four feet. Sometimes they covered the surface of the earth like a dark cloud, loaded the trees, and the destruction which they produced exceeded all calculation. They fall sometimes upon corn, and in three hours will consume an entire field, as happened once in the south of France. When they had finished the corn they extended their devastation to vines, pulse, willows, and in short, to every thing else wearing the shape of vegetation, not excepting even hemp, which was not protected by its bitterness.

In 1748 considerable numbers of locusts visited this country, but luckily they did not propagate, and all soon perished. These were stragglers from the swarms which, a year previously, had desolated Wallachia, Moldavia, Transylvania, Hungary, and Poland. An account of this formidable invasion may be found in the 46th volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

A friend of Mr. Kirby informed him, that at Poonah an immense cloud of locusts ravaged all the Mahratta territory, and was thought to have come from Arabia. This, indeed, was a most astonishing swarm, if Mr. Kirby's friend was correctly informed. The column extended five hundred miles and was so dense as thoroughly to hide the sun, and prevent any object from casting a shadow. This horde was not composed of the migratory locust, but of a red species, which imparted a sanguine colour to the trees on which they settled.

Dr. Clarke compares the progress of these animals to a snow-storm, when the flakes are carried obliquely by the wind. His carriage and horses were completely covered by them. This flight consisted of two species L. *tatarica* and L. *migratoria*. The former is considerably larger than the latter, and precedes it in its course. Mr. Barrow informs us, that in South Africa (in 1784 and 1797) two thousand square miles were literally covered by them. Being carried into the sea by a north-west wind, they formed, for fifty miles along shore, a bank three or four feet high; and when the wind was in the opposite point, the horrible odour which they exhaled was perceptible a hundred and fifty miles off.

In the empire of Morocco, the ravages of the locust tribe have been dreadful beyond description. They caused a famine there in 1778. The poor wandered over the country in search of a wretched existence from the roots of plants. They picked from the dung of camels, the undigested grains of barley, and devoured them with eagerness. Numbers perished, and the streets and roads were strewed with carcases. "When they visit a country," says Mr. Jackson, in his Travels in Morocco, "it behoves every one to lay in provision for a famine, for they stay from three to seven years. When they have devoured all other vegetables, they attack the trees, consuming first the leaves, and then the bark. From Mogador to Tangiers, before the plague in 1799, the face of the earth was covered by them."

HYDROSTATIC BED.

This is one of those happy inventions that have sprung from the practical application of science in the wants of life. It not only delights us by its ingenious novelty and great simplicity, but, commands a still deeper interest when we consider the relief which it will afford in innumerable cases of protracted suffering, where hitherto the patient has been considered in a great measure beyond the power of the physician.

In all diseases where the system has been much enfeebled and the patient long confined to bed, the circulation of the blood goes on so imperfectly in some of those parts of the body that are more immediately and more constantly subjected to pressure that they frequently mortify or lose their vitality. The dead parts thus formed become a continual source of irritation, often exhausting the patient's strength by a slow decay, where otherwise every hope might have been entertained of recovery; and when he does survive, they are removed solely by the slow process of ulceration, during a tedious convalescence.

The hydrostatic bed will mitigate or entirely remove these evils, and even when they appear in a milder form still it becomes of the utmost value from the certainty with which those sources of irritation are removed, that arise from the inequality of pressure in a common bed, and prevent that refreshing sleep which it is always such an object to procure.

This bed is constructed in the following manner:—A trough six feet long, two feet six (or nine) inches broad, and one foot deep, is filled to the depth of six or seven inches with water and a sheet of waterproof India rubber cloth placed upon it. It is fixed and firmly cemented at the upper part of the trough, being of such a size as to hang down loosely in the inside, and floating on the surface of the water, which admits therefore of the most perfect freedom of motion. A light hair mattress is placed upon the waterproof cloth, upon which the pillow and bed-clothes are to be placed. When the patient rests upon it, he at once experiences the surpassing softness of the hydrostatic bed; he is placed nearly in the same condition as when floating in water, the fluid support being prevented from touching him, however, by the peculiar manner in which it is sealed hermetically, as it were, within the waterproof cloth, and by the intervening mattress. The hydrostatic bed was invented a few weeks ago in London under the following circumstances, by Dr. Arnott, the well known and talented author of the Elements of Physics:—A lady who had suffered much, after a premature confinement, from a combination and succession of low fever jaundice, &c. and whose back had sloughed (mortified) in several places, was at last so much exhausted in consequence of the latter, that she was considered in the most imminent danger; she generally fainted when the wounds in her back were dressed, and was passing days and nights of uninterrupted suffering, as the pressure even of an air pillow had occasioned mortification. Dr. Arnott reflected that the "support of water to a floating body is so uniformly diffused that every thousandth part of an inch of the inferior surface has, as it were, its own separate liquid pillar, and no one part bears the load of its neighbour—that a person resting in a bath is nearly thus supported—that this patient might be laid upon the face of a bath, over which a large sheet of the waterproof India rubber cloth was previously thrown—she being rendered sufficiently buoyant by a soft mattress placed beneath her—thus would she repose on the face of the water, like a swan on its plumage, without sensible pressure any where, and almost as if the weight of her body were annihilated. The pressure of the atmosphere on our bodies is 15 pounds per square inch of its surface, but, because uniformly diffused, is not felt. The pressure of a water bath of depth to cover the body, is less than half a pound per inch, and is similarly unperceived." A bed having been made on this plan, and the patient placed on it, she was instantly relieved in a remarkable degree, and enjoyed a calm and tranquil sleep—"she awoke refreshed—she passed the next night much better than usual, and on the following day, Mr. Earle found that all the sores had assumed a healthy appearance; the healing from that time went on rapidly, and no new sloughs were formed. When the patient was first laid upon the bed, her mother asked her where the down pillows, which she before had used, were to be placed; to which she answered, that she knew not, for that she felt no pain to direct; in fact, she needed them no more."—*Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physic, 5th edition.*

The hydrostatic bed will be useful, not merely in extreme cases, such as the above, but also in every instance where there is restlessness or want of sleep, from the irksome feeling communicated by that inequality of pressure which is necessarily perceived in every common bed, and to which the body becomes so remarkably sensible, when fatigued or enfeebled, as when suffering from disease.

The sensation which is experienced by a person reclining on a hydrostatic bed, is uncommonly pleasing. It is easy to change the position with a very feeble effort. The patient also can always take a little exercise at pleasure, with the slightest exertion, from the facility with which the water can be moved—a circumstance which will prove highly grateful to those who have been long confined to bed.

NULLIFICATION—THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.—(*Richmond, Va. Enquirer.*)—We lay before our readers this morning one of the most important papers which has ever emanated from the Executive Department. It is unnecessary for us to say, that we refer to the *President's Proclamation concerning the movements in South Carolina.*

Following the precedent set by General Washington in '93, when he issued his proclamation pending the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, he has come forward to commune with his countrymen about the approaching crisis in South Carolina, to explain the views which he entertains of the duties which may attach to him as the Chief Magistrate of the Union, to address the citizens of his native State and to warn them out of the dangers to which they may expose themselves and their country; to address the citizens of all the United States, and to arouse them in behalf of that Union, whose manifold blessings he has pourtrayed with an eloquence, which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed.

This generous effort to extinguish the torch of civil discord, and to preserve the Union, is worthy of the patriot who has devoted his best days to the glory of his country, and to the liberties of the human race. The patriotism which breathes in this production is entitled to all our gratitude. The ability with which it is composed; the powerful appeals which it makes to the People of South Carolina and of the Union, are calculated to make a deep impression upon every reader.

To every argument which it urges against the doctrine of South Carolina Nullification, we cordially subscribe. We regard the whole South Carolina doctrine as a mischievous and absurd heresy—as seeking to place a State *in* the Union and *out* of it *at the same time*—as cancelling the laws of a government which it professes at the same moment to respect. It is not a *Constitutional* remedy, but a *Revolutionary measure*—not a peaceful remedy; but, *if acceded to,* it ultimately works a dissolution of the confederacy, and *if resisted* it amounts to force and to war. We agree thoroughly with the President, that the doctrine of the Nullifiers strikes a blow at the Union—that it would scarcely be equal to a rope of sand if every State had the right of nullifying every law which it might pronounce to be contrary to the Constitution—and that the benefits of this Union are incalculable. We believe that it is the moral duty of every State, when it conceives itself to be aggrieved by unconstitutional encroachments, and even oppressed by iniquitous acts, to exhaust every amicable expedient, before it talks of secession—to bear and to forbear much—to resort to every constitutional measure for its relief—to appeal through its representatives and its senators to Congress—to seek it by an amendment to the Constitution—to appeal to its sister States for their co-operation—to confer with them in the fullest and frankest manner about the wisest and most efficient means for relief—never to act with passion—never to act with precipitation—and never, except perhaps in the utmost extremity of oppression, to act alone. For, if every single state, in a great Confederacy of twenty-four States, may act as South Carolina is acting, how long could this Union hang together?

We must cordially agree with the Proclamation, therefore, in the views which it exhibits of the blessings of the Union, and of the dangers which are involved in this heresy of Nullification. We agree with it, that the Ordinance of South Carolina has been very precipitate, under all the *circumstances* of the case—when the condition of the country imperiously demanded such a modification of the duties as should reduce them to a just and equitable scale'—when the public debt is about to be extinguished—when the act of the last session had broken the ice—and when, since the President's Message was delivered, and the great weight of the Executive recommendation has been thrown into the scale, the prospect of relief has become brighter than ever.

It is hoped that these appeals of the President to the good sense and patriotic feelings of the citizens of South Carolina will not be altogether unavailing. We cordially agree with so much of this proclamation, therefore, as embraces these several points, with great pleasure. They are calculated to sink deeply into the hearts of the people. In fact, we hail with great pleasure so much of this Proclamation as extends from the first clause through the three first columns of the *official copy*—and so much of it as extends from the paragraph as commences with 'These are the alternatives, &c.' down to the very end of the Proclamation with but very few exceptions.

There are some *doctrinal points,* in the intermediate passages, to which we think it our duty to state that we cannot subscribe. They are not essentially connected with the main object of the Proclamation—and we regret to see them in this paper at all. They are embraced in the passage which extends from the paragraph commencing with the words "This right to secede," &c. to the paragraph ending with "must oppose it at all hazards." These doctrines relate to the "*right of secession*—and to the *character of the federal compact.*" So much for the President's Proclamation. May its good effects correspond with the patriotism in which it originated. May its solemn adjurations be heeded by the citizens of South Carolina—and may the voice of the father be listened to with the respect which it deserves.

—(*Richmond Whig.*)—The contents of our paper to-day are of solemn interest. The President's Proclamation, declaring his fixed resolution—and which resolution, indeed, under the terms of his official oath, appears to be necessary and unavoidable—to execute the laws, and the measures of the South Carolina Legislature, announcing the unalterable purpose of that State to resist them by arms, proclaim the danger of a near and bloody collision. Both parties assume the defensive, yet both seem equally prepared, and equally determined, to maintain their respective claims by an appeal to force. An interval, however, of several weeks will elapse, before collision need be apprehended, and upon the wise employment of that interval depends the question of union or separation, Peace or War. That Congress will seek so to employ it, and that the fervent prayer of every patriot will be offered-up for their success need not be doubted; nor will we cease to hope that tranquillity will be preserved, and all may yet be well.

We have not the space to make any observations upon the Proclamation. It is a most eloquent document, and destined to take high rank for its ability, at a period when American talent shines out with more than Revolutionary splendor. Some high-toned federal doctrines it contains, but the fervent devotion to the Union, prosperity, and glory of our country, which unaffectedly glows throughout must address itself to the approbation and even affectionate feelings of all men of all parties, and be confessed of all. It will create a powerful sensation, and we shall not be surprised if it shook the steadfast faith of South Carolina herself in the rectitude of her doctrines and determination to enforce them. Had the President used similar means in the case of Georgia—had he thus eluded the charge, that hatred of Mr. Calhoun had colored his opinions and intentions towards South Carolina Nullification, his eloquent admonitions would have fallen with yet greater stress upon the convictions and feelings of men.

LAW.—*Responsibility of Directors.*—A case of magnitude and importance, came before Vice Chancellor McCoun, in this city, on the 6th, on a bill filed in 1829, by William Scott, of Elizabethtown, N. J. a stockholder in the National (Marine) Insurance Company of this city, against the President and Directors of the Company. The argument was not concluded until the 11th.

"Two main points were raised—[we quote from the Courier]—spreading indeed into many ramifications,—on which recovery was claimed. The 1st was that an appropriation and use of the funds had been made in a way not authorised by the charter, and 2dly that the Defendants had been negligent in superintending the affairs of the Company, by means whereof an embezzlement of nearly $180,000, from its funds had been perpetrated. On these grounds it was contended that the Defendants had become personally responsible to the stockholders."

"It was shewn that the Company were actually prosperous in their business until the end of 1824—that from that time they were apparently so, until

January, 1828;—that the complainant became a stockholder in 1820, and purchased more shares in 1822 and 1823,—that the present defendants were elected Directors in January, 1824, and in Oct. following Oliver G. Kane was chosen Secretary of the Company, and so continued until his death on the 3d day of January, 1828, by suicide, after having abstracted from the funds of the Company during three years previous the enormous sum of $179,450 66, being more than one half of the whole capital stock invested. Semi-annual examinations of the affairs of the Company were made by a committee in the months of June and September. On the first of these, after Kane's election, a deficit of $200 in the accounts was found, but the supposed error was afterwards found and corrected. It was clearly ascertained, however, after his death, that embezzlements had been made *during every month* in all the three years preceding that event, viz:—in 1825, $12,089 40; in 1826, $76,163 48; and in 1827, $91,191 78."

NULLIFICATION.—The Committee of the Legislature of Virginia, on the subject of the South Carolina Ordinance, &c. not being able to agree on a report, was increased by adding 8 persons to their number. They have since reported, (on the 19th) in a series of resolutions, of which the first resolution dwells upon the crisis; the 2d upon the benefit of and dangers to the Union; the 3d re-affirms the old doctrines of Virginia; the 4th protests against the tariff; the 5th pledges every Constitutional and proper means for its abolition; the 6th gives this pledge to South Carolina and other States; the 7th disapproves of the course recently pursued by South Carolina—her Ordinances, &c. &c.—both her remedy and her precipitation in the use of it; the 8th protests against certain principles avowed in the President's Proclamation, and declares "that although the people of these United States, it is true, assented to the present constitution, and are bound by all laws made in conformity thereto; yet we regard it as equally true, that it was a confederacy formed by the states as such, ratified by the states as such, and of which the states as distinct political communities, are now the members. That we can never consent to deny the right of any individual state which voluntary entered into this political association for an indefinite period, to withdraw herself peaceably from it, when causes shall occur, which, in her judgment, shall render such secession necessary. That while, however, we regard a state as having a right to secede from the Union, "when the sole alternatives left are the dissolution of the Union with them, or submission to a government without limitation of powers," we think that prudence dictates that no state should ever resort to such an alternative, until the last extremity has been approached, and every constitutional effort has been tried, and every peaceful experiment exhausted, to obviate the supposed injury. That in case of "a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the states who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits, the authorities, rights and liberties, appertaining to them." That as a consequence from this principle, asserted in 1798, we can never recognise the conclusion assumed in the proclamation, that a citizen of a state which has peaceably withdrawn itself from the confederacy, who in the discharge of the allegiance he owes his own state, and in obedience to her laws and mandates, violates a law of the remaining Union, can thereby forfeit his life as a traitor. That we view with regret, some of the doctrines held forth in the proclamation, as to the origin of our government, as involving a more latitudinous construction of the federal compact, than was ever contended for by the ancient federal party in our country, and we awfully fear that their tendency will be, unless happily arrested, to accelerate the very catastrophe their promulgation was intended to repress."

The other resolutions are in these words.

9. Resolved, That we earnestly deprecate the intervention of arms on either side to settle the present unhappy disturbances, as calculated inevitably to excite and produce the most disastrous of all national calamities—a dissolution of the Union and a civil war. That we therefore affectionately, and with all that fraternal sympathy we feel, earnestly entreat our brethren of S. Carolina to pause in their career, to suspend the operation of their recent ordinance, and of such laws as may have been enacted to give it effect, until the expiration of the first session of the next Congress, in order to await the issue of other experiments, to see if Congress, actuated by a sense of justice—impelled by a spirit of conciliation, may not interpose, restore harmony and tranquility, and save the Union, and their country, by abandoning the objectionable and oppressive system—whether a General Convention of the States may not dissipate all causes of dissatisfaction—and whether the mediation of other States may not be available.

That on the other hand, we solemnly appeal to the general government, we respectfully request our President to withstay the arm of force—and not to urge on existing difficulties to an extremity which all must regret, which could never be retracted—and to consequences which could never be recalled.

That we earnestly recommend to Congress immediately to interpose. That we appeal to their sense of justice—to their patriotism—to every consideration dear and valuable to man—as they appreciate the Union, and love their brethren, to repeal the obnoxious features of the tariff laws, and once more restore harmony and happiness to our beloved country.

10. Resolved, That we hereby instruct our senators, and request our representatives in Congress, to use their best exertions to procure an immediate reduction of the tariff of duties, and such gradual reductions afterwards, as may speedily accommodate them to the standard of a necessary revenue.

11. Resolved. That for the purpose of settling and adjusting the controverted powers of the general government, restoring harmony among the several states, and compromising existing differences, it will be expedient, should Congress disappoint our reasonable expectations, and not abandon the present protective system of duties before the expiration of its next session, to call a general convention of all the States.

12. Resolved, That it is expedient to appoint two commissioners, whose duty it shall be to bear to the legislature of S. Carolina, now in session, or to any convention of her citizens which may have assembled, the foregoing expression of our opinions, remonstrances and recommendations, and to do all in their power to induce our sister state to listen to our mediation, and accede to our advice.

Dr. Cooper, *President of the College of South Carolina*, has been acquitted on his recent trial by the Trustees, of the charge of official misconduct in propagating principles of infidelity and irreligion among the youth of the State.

DEATHS.—We have to record this week the decease in this city of *Robt. C. Sands, Esq.* a gentleman prominent in literary pursuits, and associate Editor of the Commercial Advertiser, in the 35th year of his age; and at Albany, of *William James, Esq.* one of the wealthiest citizens of the State, aged 62 years.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 15th, Mr. D. G[illegible], to Miss Betsey M[illegible].

On the 15th, Francis Wright, Esq., to Miss S. Hyde.

On the 16th, Mr. Abel Downs, to Miss Harriet Dean.

On the 18th, Mr. Wm. Aston, to Miss Mary D. Yates.

On the 18th, Mr. Wm. E. Hardy, to Miss Isabella M. H[illegible].

On the 20th, Mr. W. H. Knapp, of the firm of Knapp and W[illegible], to Miss Mary T[illegible].

On the 20th, Mr. E. Lord, to Miss Caroline R. Clark.

On the 22d, Mr. G. Jones, Jr., of the American Theatre, Bowery, to Miss Melinda Sophia T[illegible].

At Wrentham, Mass., Mr. C. A. Murdock, of the firm of Murdock & M[illegible], of this city, to Miss H. N. F[illegible], of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 15th, Mr. John Sparks, aged 76.

On the 18th, Mr. George Everson, aged 65.

On the 19th, Mr. George H. Hobby, aged 28.

On the 19th, Mrs. Ann W. Benton, aged 49.

On the 19th, Louisa Ann, daughter of Doctor Lewis S. [illegible].

On the 18th, Mr. Bernard Spring, aged 52.

On the 20th, Mr. Hugh Sinclair, aged 51.

On the 20th, Miss Ruth Brainard, aged 57.

On the 21st, Mr. D. Frost, aged 47.

On the 21st, Miss Eliza Cr[illegible], aged 47.

On the 22d, Mrs. [illegible] M. Mason.

At Boston, on the 1[illegible]th, John Brazer Davis, Esq., editor of the late "Boston Patriot."

At Newark, N.J., on the 15th, Mr. Moses Lyon, aged 55 years, formerly editor of the "Newark Eagle."

At Philadelphia, on the 18th, the Rev. J. G. Cooper, of the Episcopal Church.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.
Intended to sail,
1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June,
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.
Rates of passage.
Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.
For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to
E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane,
may 9. c&i. near South st. N.York

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.
Fare, 12½ cents.
The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.
Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 7½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7½ P.M.
Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M. 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.
Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.
STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West-street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

J. P. DE ROSE, *Surgeon Dentist*, 15 Beekman st. (late 195 Fulton), continues to set teeth of every description, from one to an entire set; and also performs the various operations on the teeth and gums on scientific principles. June 9-6m.

FRENCH LEECHES.
OF a superior quality, for sale wholesale and retail, or applied by an experienced person, at the drug and chemical store of NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.
A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's *superior* POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by
BUSSING & Co., 70½ William street,
d22 (next door to Cohen's, 71.)

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.
Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John F. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:
From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.
From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.
To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.
The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York Wednesdays at 6 P.M.
Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.
The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.
ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent

TO THE LADIES.
L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.
N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.
LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, No. 102 *William-street, and No. 19 Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.
Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.
N. B. All orders punctually attended to.
june 13-e1y.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,
IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF
FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.
Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 *cents to* 40 *dollars per dozen.*
LOOK FOR
BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,
71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND LIFE IN NEW YORK.
THE proprietors of the New York Traveller having purchased from Mr. James D. Armstrong the copyright of the above paper, respectfully announce that they will issue it on the accustomed day, conjunctively with the Traveller. The union of the two papers will, it is hoped, afford satisfaction to the patrons of each. It is the determination of the proprietors to furnish, with zealous industry, a print acceptable to all, without losing sight of the features by which each, thus amalgamated, are characterized. Mr. Porter, the former proprietor of the Spirit of the Times, is engaged, and will render his valuable aid in his peculiar department. Other arrangements have been made which will, it is trusted, tend to place the paper, in its conjoined character, on a footing of inviting respectability. HUNT & ADAMS, 20 Nassau-street.
N.B. Subscribers and advertisers to the "Spirit of the Times" will please take notice that all dues must be paid to the proprietors of the Traveller, or their authorised agents. nov. 23.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER,*
NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.
Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

PATENT SCOTCH ICH OINTMENT,
THE only medicine in the world that cures the most inveterate Itch in one night. For pleasantness, expedition, ease and certainty, it is infinitely superior to any other medicine for the cure of the Itch; it is so certain in its operation, that it has never failed in any instance whatever of effectually curing that disagreeable disorder by one application only, though applied to many thousands in the United States. It does not contain the least particle of mercury, but may be applied with the greatest safety to the most delicate lady, or the tenderest infant. One box is a cure for a grown person, and divided, cures two children. For sale by the proprietor's sole agent in New York,
NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.
MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of
INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,
in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay
Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his
PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,
highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city
For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ei6m.

PREMIUM,—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.
INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street New-York."
PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.
Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess important advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are *Incorruptible!* and with their *color*, retain their *form, solidity durability, polish, strength and beauty*, to the latest period of human existence. In point of *economy*, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.
The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.
From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting: and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by *himslf only*.
Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor *any other relative*, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York than where it now is, and has been for years past.
No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.

SYLVESTER'S, 130 *Broadway, New-York.*
SYLVESTER as *usual* continues to sell the Capitals in every Lottery. In Class 46, Comb. 11 41 61—the Capital Prize of $20,000, was sent to Washington City. The fortunate holder is requested to forward the ticket and receive the money.
Mammoth Lotteries being general favourites, particularly with Sylvester's friends and patrons, early application should be made, as tickets will be scarce long before the drawing.
A liberal discount is allowed when a package or quantity is taken; and all orders by Mail invariably meet the same attention as personal application, when addressed to
S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.
The Reporter is published every Wednesday evening, and is given and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.
Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 47, Dec. 26:—16—59—51—12—17—57—41—1[illegible]—43—55